

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
P S A L M S,  
PROPER FOR  
CHRISTIAN WORSHIP;  
WITH ADDITIONS.

---

IN THREE PARTS.

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FIRST,  
PSALMS OF DAVID, &c.

SECOND,  
PSALMS OF PRAISE TO GOD.

THIRD,  
PSALMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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—SPEAKING UNTO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS; SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR  
HEART, UNTO THE LORD. ST. PAUL.

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LIVERPOOL:  
PRINTED FOR J. GORE, CASTLE-STREET.  
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*James France 1792*



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P. S. A. I. M. S.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP



FOR THE YEAR 1880

PRINTED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN INDIA

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PART I.

P S A L M S

OF

DAVID, &c.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk :
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His study and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night !
- 3 He'll flourish still, like some fair tree  
With waters near its root ;  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so the impious and unjust,  
They no such blessings find ;  
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.

5 No hypocrite shall dare to stand  
 Before God's judgment-seat,  
 When all the saints at his right hand,  
 In full assembly meet.

6 For God approves the good man's ways,  
 To happiness they tend;  
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,  
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

*A Prophecy of the MESSIAH's Kingdom.*

1 **A**TTEND, O earth, the fix'd decree,  
 And learn JEHOVAH's will:  
 "Thou art my son, fit thou supreme  
 "On Zion's sacred hill.

2 "My hand shall give to thee alone  
 "The heathen's wide domain;  
 "And earth's remotest ends shall own  
 "Thy universal reign.

3 "Who will not to thy sceptre bow  
 "Shall feel thine iron rod,  
 "And, crush'd in helpless ruin, show  
 "The justice of a God."

4 Be wise, ye princes, learn to fear  
 The pow'r of pow'rs supreme;  
 With awful trembling joy revere  
 The LORD's exalted name.

5 Receive the Son with due respect;  
 Your timely homage pay,

Lest



Left he revenge the bold neglect,  
Incens'd by your delay.

- 6 If but in part his anger rise,  
Who can endure the flame?  
Then blest are they whose hope relies  
On his most holy name.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

*Integrity and Piety the Support of good Men.*

- 1 **T**HE righteous LORD loves upright souls,  
He marks them for his own;  
And, when he hears their humble pray'r,  
Bends from his gracious throne.

- 2 Then will I fear his sacred name,  
Nor dare oppose his will;  
Commune in secret with my heart,  
And bid each thought be still.

- 3 And while my willing hands present  
This off'ring to the LORD,  
My soul defies each threat'ning ill,  
And trusts his faithful word.

- 4 While thousands search for bliss on earth,  
And search, alas! in vain;  
Be mine the joys his favour gives,  
Let me his smiles obtain.

- 5 One smile from thee, my gracious God,  
Bids all my pow'rs rejoice;  
Not all the pleasures earth can yield  
Should change my happy choice.



- 6 Secure beneath thy guardian hand,  
 I give mine eyes to sleep;  
 That hand protects my wakeful hours,  
 And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

*For the LORD's Day Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercy there;  
 I will frequent thine holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness;  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.
- 5 The men who love and fear thy name  
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;  
 The mighty God will compass them  
 With favour as a shield.

## PSALM VIII. Long Metre.

*The condescending Goodness of GOD to Men.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how glorious is thy name,  
Thro' all the earth's extended frame!  
Majestic splendors form thy seat,  
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.
- 2 When all thy shining works on high  
I contemplate with raptur'd eye;  
The silver moon, the starry train,  
Which gild the bright ethereal plain.
- 3 LORD, what is man, that he should share  
Thy notice, thine indulgent care?  
That man, frail child of earth, should be  
Observ'd and visited by thee.
- 4 His rank thy forming hand design'd  
Just below th' angelic kind;  
Invested him with power and sway,  
And bid the subject brutes obey.
- 5 The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,  
The gliding fish, the flying birds,  
And all the living tribes below,  
To him, by thine appointment, bow.
- 6 **O** LORD, how glorious is thy name,  
Thro' all the earth's extended frame!  
Majestic splendors form thy seat,  
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

## P S A L M I X. Long Metre.

*Praise to the righteous Governor of the World.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, to thee, O LORD,  
My grateful tribute I will bring;  
Thy wond'rous works I will record,  
And of thy truth and mercy sing.
- 2 The sov'reign judge prepares his throne,  
To vindicate the righteous cause;  
But will his dreadful pow'r make known,  
If mortals dare defy his laws.
- 3 The righteous LORD for ever reigns,  
And fills his holy throne above;  
Justice and truth he still maintains,  
And saves the people of his love.
- 4 The men who know his glorious name  
Will trust in his abounding grace;  
For none were ever put to shame,  
Who humbly sought their maker's face.
- 5 Sing praises to the heav'nly king,  
Ye saints, with whom he loves to dwell;  
And, while his courts with praises ring,  
To all the world his wonders tell.

## P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*The acceptable Worshipper.*

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair;  
And, while he bows before thy throne,  
Shall find acceptance there?



- 2 'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed  
By rules of virtue moves;  
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disproves:
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,  
His neighbour's fame to wound;  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round:
- 4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and pow'r,  
Can treat with just neglect;  
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,  
Religiously respect:
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Hath ever firmly stood;  
And, tho' he promise to his loss,  
Still makes his promise good:
- 6 Who seeks not by oppressive ways  
His wealth to multiply;  
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,  
The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man who, by his steady course,  
Hath happiness insur'd,  
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,  
By providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

*Rejoicing in GOD.*

1 **H**EATHENS to senseless idols haste,  
They worship wood and stone;

B

But

- But my delightful lot is cast  
Where the true God is known.
- 2 His hand provides my constant food,  
He fills my daily cup :  
Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.
- 3 God is my portion and my joy,  
His counsels are my light ;  
He gives me kind advice by day,  
And guards my head by night.
- 4 My soul would all her thoughts approve,  
To his all-seeing eye ;  
Nor death nor hell my hope shall move,  
While such a friend is nigh.
- 5 Therefore, my heart all grief defies,  
In death I will rejoice ;  
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,  
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 6 God will the paths of life display,  
Which to his presence lead,  
Where pleasure flows without allay,  
And joy shall never fade.

## P S A L M XVIII. Common Metre.

*A public Thanksgiving for Victory.*

- 1 **W**HEN God our leader shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms,  
The light'ning of his spear ?

- 2 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd ;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 3 He forms our gen'als for the field,  
With all their dreadful skill ;  
Instructs their hands the sword to wield,  
And makes their hearts of steel,
- 4 'Tis by his aid our troops prevail,  
And break united pow'rs ;  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 5 The LORD our saviour ever lives,  
His name be ever blest ;  
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
And gives our country rest.
- 6 On kings who reign as *David* did,  
He pours his blessings down ;  
Secures their honours to their seed,  
And well supports their crown.

## P S A L M XIX. Short Metre.

*The Instructions of Nature and Revelation.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
Declares its maker GOD ;  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same ;



- While night to day and day to night  
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land  
Their gen'ral voice is known ;  
They speak the wonders of his hand,  
The orders of his throne.
- 4 He bids the morning sun  
Begin his glorious way ;  
His beams thro' all the nations run,  
And light and life convey.
- 5 But where he sends his word  
He spreads diviner light ;  
There sinners learn to know the LORD,  
And guide their steps aright.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,  
His truth without deceit ;  
His promise stands for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.
- 7 While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My saviour and my God.

## P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

*The Sufferings of the MESSIAH.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our LORD,  
When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his GOD.

- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn, new yM  
And shak'd their heads, and laugh'd in scorn:  
"He rescu'd others from the grave,  
"Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend  
"God was his father and his friend!  
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!  
How they stood round like savage beasts,  
Like lions, gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their pow'r!
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
'Till streams of blood each other meet;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock'd the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God his father heard his cry,  
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

## P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

*G O D our Shepherd:*

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord,  
My wants shall all be well supply'd;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My

- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail;  
For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,  
He is my comfort, he my stay;  
His staff supports my feeble steps,  
His rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 Surely the mercies of the LORD  
Attend his children all their days;  
Then shall his house be mine abode,  
And all my work be pray'r and praise.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

*Access to GOD in Worship.*

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the LORD's  
With Adam's num'rous race;  
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men  
May visit his abode?—  
He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
The blessings of his grace?

This



This is the lot of those who seek  
Their heav'nly father's face.

- 4 Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs,  
To meet the LORD prepare;  
Lift up their everlasting doors;  
The king of glory's near.

- 5 The king of glory! who can tell  
The wonders of his might?  
He rules the nations; but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

P S A L M XXV. Short Metre.

*GOD the Guide of his Servants.*

- 1 **W**HOE'ER, with humble fear,  
To God his duty pays,  
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide  
In all his righteous ways.

- 2 For God to all his saints  
His holy will imparts;  
And will his gracious cov'nant write  
In their obedient hearts.

- 3 He those in virtue guides  
Who his direction seek;  
And in his sacred paths will lead  
The humble and the meek.

- 4 Thro' all the ways of God  
Both truth and mercy shine,  
To those, who with religious hearts,  
To his blest will incline.



- 5 Let all my righteous deeds  
To full perfection rise;  
Because my firm and constant hope  
On thee, O God, relies.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

*Trust in GOD a Support under Trouble.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my father say,  
"Ye children seek my grace;"  
My heart replied, without delay,  
"I'll seek my father's face."

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
Nor frown my soul away;  
God of my Life, I fly to thee  
In a distressing day.

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear  
Leave me to want and die;  
My God would make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.

- 4 My fainting heart had died for grief,  
Had not my soul believ'd  
To see thy grace provide relief;  
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

- 5 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling faints,  
And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM

## P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

*G O D the Thunderer.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the LORD renown and pow'r;  
Ascribe due honours to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 JEHOVAH, with an awful noise,  
The wat'ry clouds afunder breaks;  
The ocean trembles at his voice,  
When God from heav'n in thunder speaks.
- 3 How full of pow'r that voice appears,  
With what majestic terror crown'd,  
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,  
And strews the scatter'd branches round!
- 4 That voice the solid oaks can shake,  
And strip the spreading forests bare;  
His glory hear it loudly speak,  
And thro' the heav'ns his pow'r declare.
- 5 The LORD sits sov'reign on the flood,  
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.

## P S A L M XXXII. Long Metre.

*The Happiness of the Penitent.*

- 1 **B**EYOND expression blest is he  
Whose num'rous sins are cover'd o'er;  
The humble soul to whom the LORD  
Imputes his guilty deeds no more.

- 2 He mourns his sinful follies past,  
And keeps his heart with constant care :  
His lips and life without deceit  
Shall prove his penitence sincere.
- 3 The man who hides his conscious guilt,  
Shall pine beneath a secret wound ;  
But he that owns and leaves his faults,  
With peace and pardon shall be crown'd.
- 4 The LORD hath built a throne of grace,  
Free to dispense his mercies there ;  
That sinners may approach his face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.

PSALM XXXIII. *Section 1st.* Common Metre.

*The Works of Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous in the LORD,  
This work belongs to you ;  
Sing of his name, his works, his word,  
How holy, just, and true.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions, mov'd,  
In joyful concert meet ;  
And chearful songs of loud applause  
The harmony compleat.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God,  
His works with truth abound ;  
Justice he loves, and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches rear'd ;

And



And all the beauteous host of light  
At his command appear'd.

5 He bid the swelling waters flow  
To their appointed deep;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.

6 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With awe before him stand;  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.

7 Whate'er the mighty LORD decrees  
Shall stand for ever sure;  
The settled purpose of his heart  
For ever shall endure.

PSALM XXXIII. *Section 2d.* As 113th Psalm.

*Creatures vain, and GOD all-sufficient.*

1 **O** Happy nation, where the LORD  
Reveals the treasure of his word,  
And builds his church his earthly throne!  
His eye the heathen world surveys;  
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;  
But GOD their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
And of his strength the champion boast;  
In vain they boast, in vain rely;  
In vain we trust the brutal force,  
Or speed or courage of an horse,  
To guard his rider, or to fly.

- 3 The eye of thy compassion, LORD,  
Doth more secure defence afford,  
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand;  
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,  
Who make thy name their fear and trust,  
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,  
Thou our physician, thou our shield,  
Send us salvation from thy throne;  
We wait to see thy goodness shine,  
Let us rejoice in help divine,  
For all our hope is God alone.

## PSALM XXXIV. Common Metre.

*Remarkable Deliverances celebrated.*

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
'Till all who are distress'd  
From my example comfort take,  
And sooth their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the LORD with me,  
With me exalt his name;  
To him in my distress I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
His pow'rful arm protects the men  
Who make his name their trust.

5 With

- 5 With grateful hearts observe his ways,  
And on his goodness rest;  
So will your own experience prove  
That pious souls are blest.
- 6 For while his fear inspires your breast,  
His mercy will be nigh,  
To guard your lives from threat'ning ills,  
And all your wants supply.

## P S A L M XXXVI. Long Metre.

*The Perfection and Providence of G O D.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud  
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Great are the wonders of thine hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy mercy makes the earth its care,  
Thy providence is kind and large,  
Angels and men thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge.
- 4 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance may the just  
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust.
- 5 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
And there enjoy a rich repast;

There



There drink, as from a fountain's head,  
Of joys which shall for ever last.

- 6 With thee the springs of life remain,  
Thy presence is eternal day :  
O let thy saints thy favour gain ;  
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII. Common Metre.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked,  
compared.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are order'd by thy will ;  
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The LORD delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves ;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home ;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Not fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
Spreading its arms abroad :
- 5 And lo ! he vanish'd from the ground,  
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.

6 But

- 6 But mark the man of righteousness,  
 His sev'ral steps attend ;  
 True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,  
 And peaceful is his end.

## P S A L M XXXIX. Common Metre.

*The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for shining ore ;  
 They toil for heirs they know not who,  
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
 From creatures, earth and dust ?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recall ;

I give

I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my All.

PSALM XL. Common Metre.

*The Obedience of the MESSIAH.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the LORD, "Your work is vain,  
"Give your burnt off'rings o'er;  
"In dying goats and bullocks slain,  
"My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the SAVIOUR, "Lo, I'm here,  
"My God, to do thy will;  
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,  
"Thy servant shall fulfil,
- 3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,  
"I keep it near my heart;  
"Mine ears are open with delight  
"To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest redeemer comes,  
The Son of God appears;  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his father's grace,  
And much his truth he shew'd;  
And preach'd the way of righteousness,  
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His father's honour touch'd his heart;  
He pity'd sinners cries:  
And to compleat the SAVIOUR's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.

PSALM



## PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

*MESSIAH the King of the Church.*

- 1 **W**E'LL speak the honours of our king,  
How bright his glories are !  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with our LORD compare.
- 2 Kind is his speech, and heav'nly grace  
Upon his lips are shed ;  
His GOD with blessings numberless  
Hath crown'd his sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince !  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,  
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O GOD, for ever stands,  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule the saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice ;  
And GOD, thy GOD, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

## PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

*The Safety of Good Men amidst general Calamities.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

D

2 Let

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',  
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
Supports our hope, our fear controuls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

P S A L M L. Section 1st. Proper Tune.

*The Last Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,  
Calls the south nations, and awakes the  
north :  
From east to west the sov'reign order's spread,  
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.  
*The trumpet sounds ; bell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.*
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;  
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day ;  
Behold the judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;  
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.

*When*

*When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him;  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

- 3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come,  
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;  
"But gather first my saints (the judge commands)  
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."  
*Our GOD is come; wake every chearful passion,  
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*
- 4 "Here (saith the LORD) ye angels, spread their thrones,  
"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:—  
"Come my lov'd, possess the joys prepar'd  
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."  
*Judgment proceeds; ye saints, join all your voices;  
Raise your triumphant songs, for heav'n rejoices.—*
- 5 "Approach my throne, ye wicked and profane,  
"Receive your doom, nor call my threat'nings vain:  
"No longer lodge the impious thought within,  
"That the All-holy will indulge your sin:"  
*GOD is the judge of hearts: no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.*
- 6 "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;  
"You vainly hop'd that I should ne'er reprove;  
"But see, my vengeance wakes; my thunder rolls;  
"And conscious guilt condemns your wretched  
*Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.*



P S A L M L. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.*Obedience better than Sacrifice.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the LORD, "The spacious fields  
 "And flocks and herds are mine;  
 "O'er all the cattle of the hills  
 "I claim a right divine.
- 2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
 "Nor bullocks burnt with fire;  
 "To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
 "Is all that I require.
- 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,  
 "My hand shall set thee free;  
 "Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
 "The honour due to me.
- 4 "The man who offers humble praise,  
 "He glorifies me best:  
 "And those who tread my holy ways,  
 "Shall my salvation taste."

## P S A L M LI. Long Metre.

*A penitential Psalm.*

- 1 **O** GOD of grace, my crimes forgive,  
 Let a repenting sinner live;  
 Behold me not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean;  
 Here on my heart the burthen lies,  
 And past offences pain mine eyes,

3 Before

- 3 Before thee, O my God, alone  
The heinous deeds of guilt were done;  
Before thee, prostrate in the dust,  
I own thine awful sentence just.
- 4 I might be banish'd from thy face,  
Like the vile offspring of disgrace;  
And, like a base and spurious birth,  
Be made the shame and scorn of earth.
- 5 That inward truth thy laws require,  
Thy righteous judgments, LORD, inspire;  
Oppress'd with deep remorse I lie,  
Beneath thine heart-discerning eye.
- 6 No rites can ease my secret pain,  
Or wash away the guilty stain;  
Only thy mercy can impart  
Pardon and comfort to my heart.
- 7 LORD, cast me not in wrath away,  
Nor hide thy spirit's chearing ray;  
The joys thy favour gives restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 8 A broken heart, my God, my king,  
Is all the off'ring I can bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

## P S A L M LV. Common Metre.

*Daily Devotion.*

- 1 **L**ET finners take their foolish course,  
And choose the road to death;

But

- But in the worship of my GOD  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 By morning-light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry,  
The night shall hear me ask his grace ;  
Nor will he long deny.
- 3 GOD shall preserve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when afraid ;  
And guardian angels shall be near,  
If he command their aid.
- 4 With all my troubles and my cries  
I'll lean upon the LORD ;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 5 His pow'rful arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which his safety rests,  
No earthly pow'r can move.

## P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.

*A general Act of Praise.*

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fix'd ; my tongue shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name ;  
Awake my tongue to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.



- 3 In thee, my God, are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;  
All the rich blessings nature brings,  
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
- 4 High o'er the earth thy goodness reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
Thy truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

## PSALM LX. Common Metre.

*For a Fast Day in Time of War.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?  
Must we for ever mourn?  
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?  
Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine  
Melts all our strength away;  
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,  
We tremble in dismay.
- 3 The kingdom shakes beneath thy stroke,  
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;  
O heal the nation thou hast broke,  
Confirm the wav'ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,  
For those who fear thy name;

Protect

- Protect thy servants with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,  
Like a confederate God ;  
In vain confederate pow'rs unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,  
By thine assisting hand ;  
'Tis God who treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand.

## P S A L M LXI. Short Metre.

*Safety in G O D.*

- 1 **W**HEN, overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, LORD,  
I ever would abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those who fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M

## P S A L M LXII. Long Metre.

*Confidence in G O D, not in Creatures.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face ;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The meaner sort are vanity ;  
Both, in the scale of truth, appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,  
Once and again mine ears have heard,  
" All pow'r is his eternal due ;  
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,  
Grace is a partner of the throne ;  
Thy grace and justice, mighty LORD,  
Shall well appoint our last reward.



PSALM LXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*For LORD's Day Morning.*

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, without delay,  
My morning homage I will pay ;  
For thee I long, to thee I look :  
So travellers in desert lands,  
'Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands,  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 2 Within thy courts I've seen thy pow'r,  
And learn'd to prize thy favour more  
Than life itself, with all its joys ;  
There let thy smiles again appear,  
Again my drooping spirit chear,  
And to thy praise attune my voice.
- 3 Nor all the dainties of a feast,  
Can give such pleasures to my taste,  
As from thy sacred presence spring ;  
Then, 'till my last expiring day,  
I'll lift my hands to praise and pray,  
And tune my joyful lips to sing.
- 4 When darkness calls my pow'rs to rest,  
Faith in thy goodness makes me blest ;  
And, 'midst the wakeful hours of night,  
With joy I see thy mercy spread  
Its guardian wings around my head,  
And fearless wait the morning light.

PSALM LXV. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.

*The Goodness of GOD in the Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **T**H' ALMIGHTY bids the morning ray  
Smile in the east, and bring the day,

He

He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.

- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,  
Laden with fruit, and drest in flow'rs.
- 3 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Does his enriching drops dispense.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;  
The vallies shout with chearful voice,  
And neighb'ring hills repeat the joys.
- 5 The pastures smile in green array,  
There lambs and larger cattle play ;  
The larger cattle and the lamb  
Each in its language speaks his name.
- 6 His works pronounce his pow'r divine ;  
O'er ev'ry field his glories shine ;  
Thro' ev'ry month his gifts appear :  
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.

*The Blessings of Spring.*

- 1 **G**OOD is the LORD, the heav'nly king,  
Who makes the earth his care,  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grafs appear.

2 The

- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,  
Pour out, at his command,  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To chear the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field,  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The vallies rich provision yield,  
And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on ev'ry side,  
Rejoice at falling show'rs;  
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop;  
The parching grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months God's goodness crowns;  
How bounteous are his ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout his praise.

## P S A L M LXVI. Common Metre.

*The sovereign Dominion of G O D.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the LORD,  
Sing with a joyful voice;  
With melody of sound record  
His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,  
"How terrible art thou!

" Before



“ Before thy face thy foes must fly,  
 “ Or at thy feet must bow.”

- 3 Come see the wonders of our God,  
 His sov'reign pow'r confess ;  
 In solemn hymns your inward dread  
 Of his great name express.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel fly,  
 While *Israel* pass'd the flood ;  
 Th' astonish'd tribes pursu'd their way,  
 And triumph'd in their God.
- 5 God by his pow'r for ever rules ;  
 His eyes the world survey ;  
 Let no presumptuous mortal dare  
 Oppose his sov'reign sway.
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease ;  
 Ye saints fulfil his praise ;  
 He keeps our lives, maintains our peace,  
 And guides our doubtful ways.

P S A L M LXVIII. Long Metre.

*G O D the Guardian of the Righteous.*

- 1 **T**O GOD your voice in anthems raise,  
 JEHOVAH is the name he bears ;  
 In him rejoice, proclaim his praise,  
 Who rides upon the rolling spheres.
- 2 Those who obey his sov'reign will,  
 His favour's chearing beams enjoy ;  
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,  
 And grateful songs their tongues employ.

3 Ascribe

- 3 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high;  
Of humble souls his hand takes care,  
Whose strength from out the dusky sky,  
Darts shining terrors thro' the air.
- 4 Tho' glory fills his heav'nly courts,  
There hath he fix'd his gracious throne;  
His arm the feeblest saint supports;  
To God give praise, to him alone.

PSALM LXX. Common Metre.

*Dependence on GOD thro' every Stage of Life.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,  
With all these limbs of mine;  
And from my mother's painful hour  
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,  
With each returning year;  
Behold the days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
And round me let thy goodness shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of mine age,  
When men review my days,

— They'll

They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXII. Long Metre.

*The MESSIAH's Kingdom.*

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
The kingdom give to *David's* son,  
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heav'n submits to his commands ;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
'Till hours and years and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of over-spreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM



## P S A L M LXXIII. Common Metre.

*G O D our present Support and future Portion.*

- 1 **G** O D my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near;  
Thy presence cheers my drooping soul,  
And banishes my fear.
- 2 Thy counsels shall conduct my feet  
Thro' this dark wilderness;  
Thy hand shall place me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And, while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint;  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry faint.
- 5 To raise my thoughts to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

## P S A L M LXXVIII. Common Metre.

*The Providence of G O D recorded to Posterity.*

- 1 **L** E T children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

2 He

- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of pow'r and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down,  
Thro' every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs ;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

P S A L M LXXXIV. As 148th Psalm.

*The Pleasures of Public Worship.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

- 2 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside ;  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.

F

3 For

- 3 For God his people loves,  
His hand no good with-holds  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls :  
Thrice blest is he,  
O LORD of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.
- 4 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men who pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise thee still ;  
And happy they  
Who love the way  
To Zion's hill.
- 5 They go from strength to strength  
Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
'Till each arrives at length,  
'Till each in heav'n appears :  
O glorious Seat,  
When God our king  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet !

## PSALM LXXXV. Common Metre.

*Prayer for public Deliverance.*

- 1 **T**HY favour, gracious LORD, display,  
Which we have long implor'd ;  
And, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,  
Thy wonted aid afford,

2 Thine



- 2 Thine answer patiently we'll wait,  
For thou with glad success,  
If they no more to folly turn,  
Thy mourning saints will bless.
- 3 To those who fear thy holy name  
Is thy salvation near;  
And in its former happy state  
Our nation shall appear.
- 4 For mercy now with truth is join'd,  
And righteousness with peace,  
Like kind companions absent long,  
With friendly arms embrace.
- 5 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n  
Shall streams of justice pour;  
And God, from whom all goodness flows,  
Shall endless plenty show'r.
- 6 Before him righteousness shall march,  
And his just paths prepare;  
While we his holy steps pursue  
With constant zeal and care.

## PSALM LXXXVI. Common Metre.

*Praise to the One true GOD.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly Gods,  
There's none hath pow'r divine;  
Nor is their nature, mighty LORD,  
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 Thy matchless pow'r, thy sov'reign sway,  
The nations shall adore;

Their long misguided pray'rs and praise  
To thee, O God, restore.

- 3 All that confess thee great, and great  
The wonders thou hast done ;  
Shall own that thou art God supreme,  
That thou art God alone.
- 4 While heav'n, and all who dwell on high,  
To thee their voices raise,  
Let the whole earth assist the sky,  
And join t' advance thy praise.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.

*The Truth of God in the Promise of the MESSIAH.*

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the LORD ;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand,  
Like heav'n supported by his hand.
- 2 JEHOVAH speaks, with gracious voice :  
" David, the servant of my choice,  
" Receive the cov'nant of my love,  
" Nor doubt the pow'r which reigns above.
- 3 " While earth and seas and skies remain,  
" Thy seed thro' endless years shall reign ;  
" He is my chosen king ; his throne  
" Shall stand unshaken as mine own."
- 4 The words eternal love hath spoke,  
Eternal truth will ne'er revoke ;  
The cov'nant stands for ever sure ;  
The throne for ever shall endure.

5 Then

- 5 Then let the God of truth and grace  
 Be prais'd by all the heav'n-born race ;  
 And let assembled saints below  
 Present the songs of praise they owe.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.

*The Power and Majesty of G O D.*

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,  
 And bow before the LORD ;  
 His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 2 How wonderful thy glories be !  
 How bright thine armies shine !  
 Where is the pow'r that vies with thee,  
 Or truth compar'd with thine ?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
 On thy supporting hand ;  
 Darkness and day, from east to west,  
 Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds controul,  
 And rule the boist'rous deep ;  
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,  
 And the dark world of hell ;  
 How can thine arm in vengeance shine,  
 When mortals dare rebel !
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace ;

While



While truth and mercy, join'd in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

- 7 Thrice happy are the souls who know  
Their kind inviting voice ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
Who in thy name rejoice.

P S A L M XC. Common Metre.

*G O D eternal, and Man mortal.*

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God ;  
To endless years the same.

- 3 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 Like

6 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
 Pleas'd with the morning light ;  
 The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,  
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

7 So teach us LORD, the heav'nly art  
 T' improve the hours we have,  
 That we may act the wiser part,  
 And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M XCI. Common Metre.

*Good Men the Care of Providence.*

1 **Y**E fons of men a feeble race,  
 Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
 Come make the LORD your dwelling-place,  
 And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
 Or if the plague come nigh,  
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
 'Twill raise the saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
 Your feet in all your ways ;  
 To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
 And guard your happy days.

4 " Because on me they set their love,  
 " I'll save them (faith the LORD)  
 " I'll bear their joyful souls above  
 " Destruction and the sword.

5 " My grace shall answer when they call ;  
 " In trouble I'll be nigh :

" My

“ My pow’r shall help them when they fall,  
 “ And raise them when they die.

- 6 “ Those who on earth my name have known,  
 “ I’ll honour them in heav’n;  
 “ There my salvation shall be shown,  
 “ And endless life be giv’n.”

P S A L M XCII. Common Metre.

*A Psalm for the Sabbath Day.*

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant is the work  
 To bless the LORD most high;  
 And with repeated hymns of praise  
 His name to magnify!
- 2 With ev’ry morning’s early dawn,  
 His goodness to relate;  
 And of his constant truth, each night,  
 The glad effects repeat.
- 3 How wond’rous are thy works, O LORD,  
 How deep are thy decrees!  
 Whose winding track, in secret laid,  
 No thoughtless sinner sees.
- 4 Tho’ wicked men, like blooming flow’rs,  
 Awhile look fresh and gay,  
 Soon must their short-liv’d beauty fade,  
 Their glory pass away.
- 5 But those who keep the laws of God,  
 Within his courts shall thrive;  
 Their vigour and their fruitfulness  
 Shall in old age revive.

6 Thus



- 6 Thus will the LORD his justice shew,  
And God, our strong defence,  
Will due rewards to all the world  
Impartially dispense.

## PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

*The eternal Dominion of G O D.*

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
The LORD, who o'er all nature reigns,  
The earth's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
Thine awful throne was fix'd above;  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,  
And toss their troubled waves on high;  
But God above can still the noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure;  
And those who in thy presence dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excell.

## PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

*Praise to the almighty Sovereign.*

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.

G

2 With

- 2 With thanks approach his awful fight,  
And psalms of honour sing;  
The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,  
The whole creation's king.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,  
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand;  
He fix'd what bounds the seas should keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face;  
Then shall the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace.

## P S A L M XCVI. Proper Metre.

*G O D the sovereign Ruler and Judge.*

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD a joyful song;  
Let earth in one assembled throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound:  
Sing to the LORD, and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who hath the world with blessings crown'd:  
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.
- 2 Great is the LORD; his praise is great,  
Who sits on high enthron'd in state;  
To him alone let anthems rise:

The

The gods the heathen world adore,  
In vain pretend to sov'reign pow'r;

He only rules who made the skies :  
With majesty and honour crown'd,  
Beauty and strength his throne surround.

- 3 Proclaim aloud, " JEHOVAH reigns,  
" Whose pow'r the universe sustains,  
" And banish'd justice will restore ;"  
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;  
Its loud applause the ocean roar ;  
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,  
And for this triumph find a voice.

- 4 For joy let fertile vallies sing,  
And chearful groves their tribute bring :  
Let ev'ry human voice awake,  
The LORD's approach to celebrate,  
Who will appear in awful state,  
And thro' the earth his circuit take ;  
From heav'n to judge the world will come,  
With justice to reward or doom.

P S A L M XCVII. Long Metre.

*Joy in the righteous Government of G O D.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; let all the earth  
In his just government rejoice ;  
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,  
In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darknefs and clouds of awful shade,  
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;



- Justice and truth his guards are made,  
And, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.
- 3 Above earth's potentates enthron'd,  
JEHOVAH dwells exalted high;  
Supreme by other gods is own'd,  
And reigns unrivall'd in the sky.
- 4 The sov'reign king loves upright souls,  
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;  
And with a gracious eye beholds  
The men who his own image bear.
- 5 The seeds of endless light are sown,  
A glorious harvest for the just;  
To them his favour shall be shown,  
He'll recompence their pious trust.
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD;  
In songs of praise your joy express;  
Deep in your thankful hearts record  
Memorials of his holiness.

## P S A L M XCIX. Short Metre.

*A holy GOD worshipped with Reverence.*

- 1 **E**XALT the LORD our GOD,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
While mercy is his seat.
- 2 How glorious is his name!  
How awful is his praise!  
Justice and truth and judgment join  
In all his works of grace.

- 3 The LORD JEHOVAH reigns ;  
Let all the nations fear ;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And faints be humble there.
- 4 When *Israel* was his church,  
When *Aaron* was his priest,  
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.
- 5 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
But oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abus'd his grace.
- 6 Exalt the LORD our GOD,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a GOD of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

P S A L M C. Long Metre.

*GOD the Object of universal Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth  
To GOD their chearful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay with sacred mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is GOD alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed ;  
We whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to his courts repair ;

And

And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.

- 4 For he's the LORD supremely good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CII. Common Metre.

*The Immutability of GOD.*

- 1 **T**HRO' endless years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God !  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And tell thy works abroad.

- 2 The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid ;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n  
With matchless skill was made.

- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand ;  
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,  
And chang'd at thy command.

- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,  
Eternal as thy days,  
Thro' everlasting ages shine,  
With undiminish'd rays.

- 5 Thy servants children, still thy care,  
Shall own their father's God ;  
To latest times thy favour share,  
And spread thy praise abroad.



## PSALM CIII. Long Metre.

*The Mercies of GOD gratefully acknowledged.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, awake my tongue,  
My God demands the grateful song;  
Let all my inmost pow'rs record  
The wond'rous mercies of the LORD.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,  
His favours claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders he has wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 Divinely free his mercy flows,  
Forgives my sins, allays my woes;  
He bids approaching death remove,  
And crowns me with a father's love.
- 4 My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;  
His hand sustains my growing years;  
He satisfies my mouth with food,  
And feeds my hopes with heav'nly good.
- 5 His mercy, with unchanging rays,  
For ever shines, while time decays;  
And children's children shall record  
The truth and goodness of the LORD.
- 6 To those who, with religious awe,  
Love and obey his sacred law,  
Whose hearts with pure devotion glow,  
Whose lives their grateful homage show.
- 7 While all his works his praise proclaim,  
And men and angels bless his name,

O let

O let my heart, my life, my tongue,  
Attend and join the sacred song.

PSALM CIV. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.

*The Greatness of G O D.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, adore the sov'reign LORD,  
Whose glorious empire knows no bounds;  
Whose throne, establish'd by his word,  
Eternal majesty surrounds.
- 2 He makes the light his royal robe,  
And dazzling glories veil his seat;  
He spreads heav'ns curtains round the globe,  
To form his canopy of state.
- 3 The beams of his imperial throne  
Are laid on high in liquid air;  
And when he makes his glory known,  
Clouds form his bright triumphal car.
- 4 He bids the storms obey his word,  
And wait to form his awful train;  
And, while the winds confess their LORD,  
Walks on their rapid wings serene.
- 5 Angelic host, like living flame,  
Around his throne with rev'rence stand;  
Or, swift as thought, his will proclaim,  
And execute his high command.
- 6 While angels spread his praise abroad,  
Let ev'ry distant region hear;  
Let earth adore her mighty God,  
And humble mortals bow and fear.

PSALM

PSALM CIV. *Section 2d.* Long Metre.*All Creatures dependent on GOD.*

1 **V**AST are thy works, almighty LORD,  
 All nature rests upon thy word:  
 Thy wisdom round the world we see;  
 This spacious earth is full of thee.

2 The num'rous race of creatures stands,  
 Waiting their portion from thy hands;  
 And while each takes his diff'rent food,  
 Their chearful looks pronounce it good.

3 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
 And dying to their dust return;  
 Both man and beast their souls resign;  
 Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
 And fill the world with beasts and men;  
 A word of thy creating breath  
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 Thy works, the wonders of thy might,  
 Are honour'd with thine own delight;  
 How awful are thy glorious ways!  
 Thou, LORD, art dreadful in thy praise.

6 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke;  
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
 And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

7 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
 And make my meditations sweet;

H

Thy



Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
'Till it expire in endless joy.

PSALM CV. Common Metre.

*GOD the proper Object of Praise and Prayer.*

- 1 **O** Render thanks, and bless the LORD,  
Invoke his sacred name;  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,  
His wond'rous works rehearse;  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
The subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,  
Alone to be ador'd;  
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,  
Who humbly seek the LORD.
- 4 Seek ye the LORD, his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore;  
And, since he's ever present, seek  
His face for evermore.

PSALM CVI. Long Metre.

*The Goodness of GOD to the Righteous.*

- 1 **O** Render praise to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love;  
His mercy firm for ever stands;  
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who can recount his wond'rous deeds?  
His greatness all our thoughts exceeds:

What

What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

- 3 Blest are the men who fear him still,  
And pay their duty to his will ;  
Who know the path their feet should go ;  
Whose cautious steps that path pursue.
- 4 Be this my happiness, to see  
The saints in full prosperity,  
And, while their num'rous tribes rejoice,  
To aid the triumph with my voice.
- 5 To God the great, the ever-blest,  
Let songs of honour be address'd ;  
Let all the saints, with full accord,  
Exalt their voice to praise the LORD.

P S A L M CVII. Common Metre.

*Dangers and Deliverances by Sea.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty LORD,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves ;  
The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Again they climb the wat'ry hills,  
And plunge in deeps again ;  
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,  
And finds his courage vain.

- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
 They pant with flutt'ring breath :  
 And, hopeless of the distant shore,  
 Expect immediate death.
- 5 Then to the LORD they raise their cries ;  
 He hears the loud request ;  
 He orders silence thro' the skies,  
 And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
 And see the storm allay'd :  
 Now to their eyes the port appears ;——  
 There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis GOD who brings them safe to land,  
 Let thoughtless mortals know,  
 The waves are under his command,  
 And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise  
 The goodness of the LORD ;  
 And those who see his wond'rous ways,  
 His wond'rous love record.

## P S A L M CVIII. Common Metre.

*An Act of Praise.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my grateful soul aspires  
 To magnify thy name ;  
 My tongue, with chearful songs of praise,  
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my heart ; and thou, my voice,  
 Thy willing tribute pay ;

And



- And let an hymn of sacred joy,  
Salute the op'ning day.
- 3 To all the lift'ning world, O God,  
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;  
While ev'ry joyful tongue shall join  
To spread the glorious theme:
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heav'n transcends;  
And far beyond the flying clouds  
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the starry frame;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CX. As the 113th Psalm.

*The MESSIAH King for ever.*

- 1 **T**HUS spake JEHOVAH to our LORD:  
(Let heav'n and earth attend his word)  
"At my right hand assume thy seat;  
"Rule thou supreme amidst thy foes;  
"The pow'rs who dare thy reign oppose  
"Shall fall confounded at thy feet."
- 2 We hail this great triumphant day;  
The willing nations own his sway,  
And joy his rising beams to view;  
Rescu'd by him from error's night,  
They shine as numberless and bright  
As chrystal drops of morning dew.

3 The

- 3 The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
 That, like *Melchizedech's*, his reign  
 And priesthood shall no period know;  
 God will exalt his glorious head,  
 Thro' the whole earth his kingdom spread,  
 And lay each haughty rebel low.

PSALM CXI. Common Metre.

*The Perfections of GOD display'd in his Works.*

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my Almighty GOD;  
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
 To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!  
 How glorious in our fight!  
 And men in ev'ry age have fought  
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!  
 How wise th' eternal mind!  
 His counsels never change the scheme  
 Which his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure;  
 The orders that his lips pronounce,  
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
 His heav'nly skill proclaim;  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read his name?

- 6 To fear his pow'r, to trust his grace,  
Is our divinest skill;  
And he's the wisest of our race  
Who best obeys his will.

## P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

*Liberality rewarded.*

- 1 **H**APPY is he who fears the LORD,  
And follows his commands;  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need;  
So God shall answer his request,  
With blessings on his seed.

- 3 No evil tidings shall surprize  
His well establish'd mind;  
His soul to God his refuge flies,  
And leaves its fears behind.

- 4 In times of general distress  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace divine.

- 5 His works of piety and love  
Remain before the LORD;  
Honour on earth, and joys above,  
Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M



## P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune.

*The Majesty and Condescension of G O D.*

1 **Y**E that delight to serve the LORD,  
 The honours of his name record,  
 His sacred name for ever blest;  
 Where-e'er the circling sun displays  
 His rising beams, or setting rays,  
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 GOD thro' the world extends his sway;  
 The regions of eternal day  
 But shadows of his glory are:  
 With him, whose majesty excels,  
 Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,  
 Let no created pow'r compare.

3 He bows his glorious head to view  
 What the bright host of angels do;  
 And bends his care to mortal things;  
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor;  
 He takes the needy from the door,  
 And makes them company for kings.

## P S A L M CXIV. Long Metre.

*The Greatness of the G O D of ISRAEL.*

1 **W**HEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,  
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
 The tribes with chearful homage own  
 Their king, and *Judah* was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;  
 The deep divides to make them way;

*Jordan*

*Jordan* beheld their march, and fled  
With backward current to his head.

- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;  
Like lambs the little hills did leap ;  
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?  
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?  
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,  
Retire and know th' approaching God,  
The king of *Israel* : See him here ;  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;  
The rocks to standing pools he turns ;  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the LORD.

P S A L M CXVI. Common Metre.

*Public Thanks for private Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house  
My off'rings shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

I

3 How

- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 LORD, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move ;  
 Thy hands has loos'd my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;  
 Witness, ye saints who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the LORD.

## PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

*Praise to G O D from all Nations.*

- 1 **W**ITH chearful notes let all the earth  
 To heav'n their voices raise ;  
 Let all, inspir'd with sacred mirth,  
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bounds ;  
 His truth shall ne'er decay ;  
 Then let the willing nations round  
 Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM



## P S A L M CXVIII. Common Metre.

*Hofannah to our risen SAVIOUR.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made ;  
 He calls the hours his own ;  
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To day he rose and left the dead,  
 And *Satan's* empire fell ;  
 To day the saints his triumph spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 *Hofannah* to th' anointed king,  
 To *David's* holy Son !  
 Help us, O LORD, descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the LORD, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace ;  
 Who comes, in GOD his father's name,  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 *Hofannah*, in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The church above, in which he reigns,  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Section 1st.* Common Metre.*Holiness the Foundation of Happiness.*

- 1 **H**OW blest are they who strictly keep  
 The pure and perfect way ;  
 Who dare not from the sacred paths  
 Of GOD's commandments stray !

- 2 How blest the men who fear his name,  
And fly from ev'ry sin ;  
Whose souls, with fervent humble zeal,  
His favour seek to win !
- 3 Great is their peace who love his law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 To meditate thy precepts, LORD,  
Shall be my pleasure still :  
My active pow'rs shall all unite  
To do thine holy will.
- 5 With my whole heart I seek thy face ;  
O let me never stray  
From the fair paths of righteousness,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 6 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey.  
And honour all thy name.

PSALM CXIX. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.

*The Word of GOD the best Guide of Youth.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
God's word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it penetrates the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,

The

- The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, an heav'nly light  
That guides us all the day ;  
And, thro' the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men who keep his law with care,  
And meditate his word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the LORD.
- 5 His precepts make me truly wise ;  
I hate the sinner's road :  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is ev'ry page !  
That holy book shall guide my youth,  
And well support my age.

PSALM CXIX. *Section 3d.* Common Metre.*Desire of Knowledge.*

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O LORD ;  
How good thy works appear !  
Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand ;  
My service is thy due ;  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.



- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not my path be hid ;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.
- 4 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.
- 5 When I have learn'd my father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways ;  
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

PSALM CXIX. *Section 4th.* Common Metre.

*Desire of Holiness.*

- 1 **O** THAT the LORD would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grānt me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desire arise  
Within this foul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;

Let

Let sin have no dominion, LORD,  
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Teach me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Section 5th.* Common Metre.

*Sincerity and Perseverance in Religion.*

1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways ;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 O save thy servant, LORD ;  
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;  
 My hope is in thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;  
 And thus, 'till mortal life shall end,  
 Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Section 6th.* Common Metre.

*The Excellence of the Word of G O D.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 My soul esteems thy judgments right,  
 And all thy statutes just ;  
 Thence I maintain a constant fight,  
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
- 3 Thy precepts often I survey ;  
 I keep thy laws in sight,  
 Thro' all the business of the day,  
 To guide my actions right.
- 4 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
 Nor shall thy word be sold,  
 For loads of silver well refin'd,  
 Or heaps of choicest gold.
- 5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,

Seeds



Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And endless glory lies :

- 6 The best relief that mourners have ;  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Points out an home beyond the skies,  
And an eternal rest.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

*Preservation by Day and Night.*

- 1 **T**O GOD we lift our waiting eyes ;  
On him our hopes depend ;  
The LORD, who built the earth and skies,  
Is our almighty friend,
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,  
Whom he vouchsafes to keep ;  
His ear attends our humble call ;  
His eye can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs,  
By his almighty arm ;  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Our souls rejoice and rest secure,  
Our keeper is the LORD ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r  
For our eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Without his leave can smite ;  
He shields our head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.

K

6 He

- 6 He guards our lives, he keeps our breath,  
 Where thickest dangers come;  
 We stand secure from threat'ning death,  
 'Till God commands us home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

*Delight in public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 "In *Zion* let us all appear,  
 "And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
 The church, adorn'd with grace,  
 Stands like a palace, built for God,  
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest;  
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
 By her attendants blest!
- 4 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,  
 While life or breath remains;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.

P S A L M CXXIV. Long Metre.

*Seasonable Deliverance.*

- 1 **H**AD not the LORD (may *Israel* say)  
 Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,  
 When men, to make our lives a prey,  
 Rose like the swelling of the tide.

2 The

- 2 The swelling tide had stop'd our breath,  
So fiercely did the waters roll ;  
We had been swallow'd up in death ;  
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
So flies the bird with chearful wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the LORD,  
Who broke the fowler's dreadful snare,  
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,  
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies ;  
He who upholds that wond'rous frame,  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

## P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

*Good Men secure under Afflictions.*

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
Who rest their souls on God,  
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground ;  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his faints around.
- 3 What tho' the father's rod  
Drop a chastizing stroke,



Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.

- 4 His kindness shall be shewn  
To those whose pious fear,  
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

*Dependence on G O D for Success and Happiness.*

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost  
And pains to build the house are lost ;  
If God the city will not keep,  
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

- 2 What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil 'till day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread ;

- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God our sov'reign makes them so.

- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends !  
How sweet our daily comforts prove,  
When they are season'd with his love.

P S A L M CXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Domestic Happiness.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd  
With zeal and sacred awe ;

Whose

Whose lips to God their honours yield,  
Whose life adorns his law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,  
And ever guard his head,  
Shall on the labours of his hand  
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 His wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
His children round his board,  
Each like a plant of honour shine,  
And learn to fear the LORD.

4 The LORD shall his best hopes fulfil,  
For months and years to come !  
The LORD, who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Shall send him blessings down.

P S A L M CXXX. Short Metre.

*Pardoning Mercy.*

1 **W**ITH penitential grief  
To thee, O God, I cry ;  
In mercy hear my humble pray'r,  
Attend my plaintive sigh.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,  
Who could the trial bear ;  
Beneath thy frown my heart would faint,  
And tremble in despair.

3 But mercy dwells with thee ;  
Hope dawns amidst my fears ;  
Divine forgiveness, large and free,  
Shall stop my flowing tears.

- 4 On thee my soul shall wait;  
My trust is in thy word;  
Thy word of grace can light create,  
And sacred peace afford.
- 5 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More eager than the morning watch  
To meet the op'ning day.
- 6 Let mourning souls on God,  
With chearful hope rely;  
For penitence can ne'er be vain,  
Nor hated sin destroy.
- 7 Tho' great our crimes appear,  
And fill our hearts with pain;  
His pard'ning love dispels our fear,  
And cleanses ev'ry stain.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

*Humility and Submission.*

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see;  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
LORD, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my father, with thy will,  
And patient as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward;

Let



Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
And trust a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre.

*The Presence of GOD in his Church desired.*

1 **A**RISE, O king of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest :  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;  
Here let thy grace be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of *David* reign,  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne :  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Brotherly Love.*

1 **B**EHOLD with joy the happy scene ;  
How pleasing is the sight,

Where

Where brethren live in love and peace,  
And all their hearts unite.

2 Refreshing, as the precious oil  
Which, pour'd on *Aaron's* head,  
Ran down his venerable face,  
And round a fragrance spread.

3 Delightful, as the shining snow  
On lofty *Hermon's* top ;  
Or pearly dew on *Zion's* hills,  
When they with fatness drop.

4 For there the blessing of the LORD  
Rich plenty doth bestow ;  
And springs of living water rise,  
Which shall for ever flow.

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

*Daily and nightly Devotion.*

1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal king,  
Attend his holy place ;  
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,  
And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high ;  
Raise your admiring thoughts by night  
Above the starry sky.

3 The GOD of mercy cheers our hearts  
With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
The GOD who spreads the heav'ns abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM

## PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

*Praise due to GOD, not to Idols.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your king ;  
Your noblest passions raise ;  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Encreasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the LORD, and works unknown  
Are his divine employ ;  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand ;  
He bids the vapours rise ;  
Light'ning and storm, at his command,  
Sweep through the founding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,  
Is found with him alone ;  
Let idol-gods no more be nam'd,  
Where our JEHOVAH's known.
- 5 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray ;  
Mortals who wait for their relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.
- 6 Ye righteous, praise the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear ;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
And claims his homage there.



## P S A L M CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

*The Works of Creation and Providences*

- 1 **T**O GOD the mighty LORD,  
Your joyful thanks repeat;  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great :  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.
- 2 To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
All other Gods obey,  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
Their grateful homage pay :  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.
- 3 By his almighty hand,  
Amazing works are wrought ;  
The heav'ns by his command  
Were to perfection brought ;  
And God will prove  
Our constant friend ;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.
- 4 He spread the ocean round  
About the spacious land ;  
And made the rising ground  
Above the waters stand :

And

And God will prove  
Our constant friend;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

- 5 Thro' heav'n he doth display  
His num'rous hosts of light;  
The sun to rule by day,  
The moon and stars by night:  
And God will prove  
Our constant friend;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

- 6 He doth the food supply,  
On which all creatures live:  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal praises give;  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.

*The all-seeing G O D.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';  
Thine eye surveys with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.  
2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

- 3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;  
On ev'ry side I find thine hand:  
O skill for human reach too high!  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love;  
Where, LORD, could I thine influence shun,  
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;  
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there thy dreadful vengeance reigns.
- 6 If, mounted on a morning-ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
Beneath the fable wings of night,  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin; for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.

*The Wisdom of GOD in the Formation of Man.*

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey;

LORD,



- LORD, 'tis thy work, I own the hand  
That form'd my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,  
Where unborn nature grew;  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part;  
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;  
But I review myself, and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy pow'r and goodness round me shine;  
My form thy wisdom shows;  
My soul adores the hand divine,  
Whence ev'ry blessing flows.
- 6 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprize;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.
- 7 These on my heart by night I keep;  
How kind, how dear to me!  
O may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLV. *Section 1st.* Common Metre.*The Greatness of GOD.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My king, my GOD of love!  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown;  
And let his praise be great;  
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men who hear my sacred song,  
Shall join their chearful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds, of antient date,  
Shall thro' the world be known;  
Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly state,  
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;  
Thy saints are rul'd by love;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.*The Goodness of G O D.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly king;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat.  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 Thou, LORD, art kind; fresh acts of grace  
Thy pity still supplies;  
Thine anger moves with slowest pace,  
Thy willing mercy flies.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. *Section 3d.* Common Metre.*The Compassion of G O D.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign LORD of all;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When



- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distress'd,  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The LORD supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel;  
He hears his children cry;  
And their best wishes to fulfil  
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never will remove  
From men of heart sincere;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 Our lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

*Praise to GOD for his Goodness and Truth.*

- 1 I'LL praise my maker with my breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

2 Why

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their breath departs; their pomp and pow'r,  
And schemes all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On nature's God; he made the sky,  
And earth and seas with all their train;  
His truth for ever stands secure,  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;  
The LORD supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well;  
His love their joyful lips shall tell;  
The living God for ever reigns;  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this exalted work engage;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVII. Common Metre.

*The Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,  
Address the LORD on high;  
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

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M

2 He

- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down,  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the raven's cry;  
But man who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year:  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wint'ry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and cloath the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.
- 7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word:  
With songs and honours founding loud,  
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Tune.

*Praise to GOD from all Creatures.*

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your maker's fame,

His



His praise your songs employ  
 Above the starry frame;  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye *Cberubim*,  
 And *Seraphim*,  
 To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,  
 And sun that guid'st the day,  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay :  
 His pow'r declare,  
 Ye floods on high,  
 And clouds that fly  
 In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move  
 By his supreme command :  
 He spake the word,  
 And all their frame  
 From nothing came,  
 To praise the LORD.

4 Let all the earth-born race,  
 And monsters of the deep ;  
 The fish that cleave the seas,  
 Or in their bosom sleep ;  
 From sea and shore  
 Their tribute pay,  
 And still display  
 Their maker's pow'r.

5 Ye kings and judges fear  
 The LORD, the sov'reign king;  
 And, while you rule us here,  
 His heav'nly honours sing;  
 Nor let the dream  
 Of pow'r and state,  
 Make you forget  
 His pow'r supreme.

6 Virgins and youths engage  
 To sound his praise divine;  
 While infancy and age  
 Their feeble voices join;  
 Wide as he reigns,  
 His name be sung,  
 By ev'ry tongue,  
 In endless strains.

P S A L M CXLIX. Proper Tune.

*Saints called upon to praise G O D.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the LORD: prepare a new song,  
 And let all his saints in full concert join;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong;  
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the God who made us ascend;  
 Let each grateful heart exult in its king;  
 For God whom we worship our songs will attend,  
 And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,  
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn;

For

For those who obey him are still his delight;  
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

- 4 Then praise ye the LORD; prepare a new song,  
And let all his saints in full concert join;  
With voices united the anthem prolong;  
And shew forth his honours in music divine.

PSALM CL. Long Metre.

*An Exhortation to praise G O D.*

1 PRAISE ye the LORD; let praise employ,  
In his own courts, your songs of joy;  
The spacious firmament around  
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine;  
His wond'rous works how bright they shine!  
Praise him for his almighty deeds,  
Whose greatness all your thoughts exceeds.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,  
Attend and join the blissful choir;  
But chiefly you who know his word,  
Adore, and love, and praise the LORD.

*The END of the FIRST PART.*



# PSALMS

## PRAISE TO GOD.

### PSALM I. Long Metre.

#### GOD the proper Object of Praise.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,  
Attempt your great creator's praise :  
But O what tongue can speak his fame!  
What mortal verse can reach the theme !
- 2 Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears :  
His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,  
Command our awe, invite our praise.

- 3 To God all nature owes its birth;  
 He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth:  
 He rais'd the glorious arch on high,  
 And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 4 In all our maker's vast designs,  
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines;  
 His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,  
 Bear the great impress of his name.
- 5 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,  
 Our souls his high perfections sing;  
 O let his praise employ our tongues,  
 And list'n'g worlds approve the songs.

## P S A L M II. Common Metre.

G O D *Eternal.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
 And call forth ev'ry tuneful sound,  
 To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
 JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;  
 Ere men were form'd, or angels made,  
 The maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
 But still maintain their prime;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling-place,  
 And *Ever* is his time.
- 4 The seas and skies must perish too,  
 And vast destruction come;

The

The creatures, look, how old they grow,  
And wait their final doom.

- 5 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies;  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When this creation dies.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*G O D infinite, omnipotent, and omniscient.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, LORD, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways;  
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the LORD,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

- 5 If, wing'd with beams of morning-light,  
I fly beyond the west;  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.



- 6 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 7 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee;  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,  
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

*GOD unchangeable.*

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist,  
Ere time begun its race;  
Before the ample elements  
Fill'd up the voids of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe  
In fluid air was stay'd;  
Before the ocean's mighty springs  
Their liquid stores display'd:
- 3 Ere thro' the gloom of antient night  
The streaks of light appear'd;  
Before the high celestial arch,  
Or starry poles, were rear'd:
- 4 Ere thro' the bright celestial courts  
One hallelujah rung;  
Or ere the joyful sons of light  
Harmonious anthems sung:
- 5 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,  
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;  
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life!)  
And glory were the same.

- 6 And when the pillars of the world  
 With sudden ruin break,  
 And all this vast and goodly frame  
 Sinks in the mighty wreck :
- 7 When from her orb the moon shall start,  
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back ;  
 While all the trembling starry lamps,  
 Their ancient course forsake :
- 8 Amid the universal shock,  
 Thy throne shall stand secure ;  
 The glories which compose thy name  
 Thro' endless years endure.

## PSALM V. Long Metre.

*The One living and true G O D.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause  
 Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;  
 All things are subject to thy laws ;  
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
 Of all within itself posselt ;  
 Controul'd by none are thy commands ;  
 Thou from thyself alone are blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;  
 Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;  
 All other gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;  
 Their idol deities dethrone ;

Reduce

Reduce the world to thy command,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

## P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

*The Greatness of G O D.*

1 **K**EEP silence all created things,  
And wait your maker's word;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her LORD.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought;  
All future years, and worlds to come,  
Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bid antient night  
Her endless realms resign;  
And lo, ten thousand worlds of light  
In fields of azure shine.

5 His wisdom with superior sway,  
Guides the vast moving frame;  
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay  
Deep rev'rence to his name.

## P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

*The Power of G O D.*

1 **'T**WAS God who fix'd the rolling spheres,  
And stretch'd the boundless skies;



- Who form'd the plan of endless years,  
And bade the ages rise.
- 2 From everlasting is his might,  
Immense and unconfin'd;  
He pierces thro' the realms of light,  
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning skies;  
Loud thunders round him roar:  
All heaven attends him as he flies,  
And hell proclaims his pow'r.
- 4 He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,  
And leave their wonted round;  
The mountains melt, each trembling hill  
Forfakes its antient bound.
- 5 He scatters nations with his breath;  
The scatter'd nations fly:  
Blue pestilence and spreading death  
Confess the godhead nigh.
- 6 Ye worlds and ev'ry living thing,  
Fulfil his high command;  
Pay duteous homage to your king,  
And own his ruling hand.

## P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*The Faithfulness of G O D.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal king.

2 Tell

- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad ;  
Sing the kind promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim, " Salvation from the LORD,  
" For sinful dying men ;"  
His hand hath writ the sacred word,  
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass  
The gracious promise shines ;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise  
The everlasting lines.
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,  
And make them when he please,  
He speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfil's his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice which rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

PSALM IX. Common Metre.

*The Goodness of GOD.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou art good ; all nature shows  
Thee full, and free, and kind ;  
Thy bounty thro' creation flows,  
Nor can it be confin'd.
- 2 The whole and every part part proclaims  
Thine infinite good-will ;

- It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And bursts from ev'ry hill.
- 3 It spreads thro' all the spreading main,  
And thro' the heav'ns more wide ;  
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,  
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
- 4 Long has it been diffus'd abroad,  
Thro' years and ages past ;  
And its rich stores, all-bounteous God,  
For ever still shall last.
- 5 Thro' the vast whole it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy thro' every part :  
LORD, let such love attract mine eyes,  
And captivate my heart.
- 6 High admiration let it raise,  
And kind affections move ;  
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
And fill my heart with love.

PSALM X. As the 50th Psalm.

*The never-ceasing Goodness of GOD.*

- 1 **H**OUSE of our GOD, with chearful anthems  
ring,  
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing ;  
With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim ;  
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.  
The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,  
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.



- 2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;  
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,  
His honours found; you to whom good alone,  
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known;  
Thro' your immortal life with love encreasing,  
Proclaim your maker's goodness never-ceasing.
- 3 Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,  
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,  
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;  
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,  
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.
- 4 His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,  
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;  
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
And children lean upon their father's God.  
The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,  
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 5 Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;  
Angels and men in harmony combine;  
While human years are measur'd by the sun,  
And while eternity its course shall run,  
His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,  
Exalt in songs, and raptures never ending.

PSALM XI. Long Metre.

*The Mercy of GOD.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD, how wond'rous are his ways!  
How firm his truth! how large his grace!  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.

- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so high hath nature plac'd  
The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The guilt of those his heart approves.
- 4 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,  
And will no heavy loads impose,  
Beyond the strength which he bestows.
- 5 He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;  
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,  
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 6 But his eternal love is sure  
To all the saints, and shall endure;  
From age to age his truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.

## P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*The Compassion of G O D.*

- 1 **O** THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,  
Who dost our cares controul,  
And with the chearful smile of peace  
Revive the fainting soul!
- 2 Did ever thy relenting ear  
The humble plea disdain?

Or

- Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,  
Or supplicate, in vain ?
- 3 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd  
In penitential tears,  
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,  
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace  
Our sinking hearts receive;  
Thy gentlest best lov'd attribute,  
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source propitious hope  
Appears serenely bright,  
And sheds her soft diffusive beam  
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our griefs confess her vital pow'r,  
And bless the friendly ray,  
Which ushers in the rising morn  
Of everlasting day.

## P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*G O D incomprehensible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind;  
We can't behold thy bright abode:  
O, 'tis beyond a creature-mind,  
To glance a thought half-way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,  
The great eternal reigns alone:  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the toplest throne.

O

3 The



- 3 The LORD of glory builds his seat  
Of gems infufferably bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet,  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious LORD, thy gracious eyes  
Look through, and cheer us from above;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

## P S A L M XIV. Long Metre.

*G O D exalted above Men.*

- 1 **S**HALL the low race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their creator God?—  
Behold he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round the throne :
- 2 But how much meaner things are they,  
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay !  
Touch'd by the finger of his wrath,  
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 3 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in his sight ;  
Buried in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 4 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow :  
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

## PSALM XV. Long Metre.

*The Divine Perfections celebrated.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my king, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty done to thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;  
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;  
 Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
 And speak thy majesty divine ;  
 Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim  
 The honours of thy glorious name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
 The long succession of thy praise ;  
 And unborn ages make my song  
 The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?  
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :  
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;  
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

## P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

*G O D the Creator.*

1 **O** LORD, how excellent thy name !  
 How glorious to behold,  
 Engraven fair on all thy works,  
 In characters of gold !

2 On heav'ns unmeasurable face,  
 In lines immensely great ;  
 In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,  
*Creator God is writ.*

3 Tho' reason be not giv'n to all  
 Nor voice to thee, O sun !  
 Their maker all proclaim, and here  
 Their language is but one.

4 From land to land, from world to world,  
 Thy fame is echo'd round ;  
 And ages, as they pass, transmit  
 The never-dying sound.

5 Angels the eldest sons of light,  
 Began the lofty song :  
 They saw the heav'ns expand abroad,  
 And earth on nothing hung.

6 Then man the last and noblest work  
 Of all this nether frame,  
 With the first vital breath he drew,  
 Confess'd from whence he came.

7 Let men unite to praise their God,  
 Let them adore his name ;

The



The wonders of his pow'r and love  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

## P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

*G O D known by his Works.*

- 1 **G**REAT is our God ; his works of might  
To praise his glorious name unite ;  
Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand,  
And wait obedient his command.
- 2 His hand unseen sustains the poles  
On which the vast creation rolls ;  
The starry skies proclaim his pow'r,  
His pencil glows in ev'ry show'r.
- 3 In various shapes and colours, rise  
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;  
And beasts and birds, with lab'ring throat,  
Teach us a God in ev'ry note.
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,  
There's not a place, or deep or high,  
Where the creator has not trod,  
And left the footsteps of a God.

## P S A L M XVIII. Proper Tune.

*All Creatures called upon to praise G O D.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
And praise the almighty's name ;  
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,  
 While all th' adoring throngs around  
 His wond'rous mercy sing;  
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;  
 Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:  
 Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,  
 In triumph walks th' eternal King!  
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
 To join the thunders of the skies;  
 Praise him who bid you roll;  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
 And breath it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;  
 Ye chearful warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise,  
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
 Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
 In heav'nly praise employ;  
 Spread the creator's name around,  
 Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound,  
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

## P S A L M XIX. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all Creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of our making God  
Our joyful tongues shall sing;  
And call the nations to adore  
Their former and their king.
- 2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this wond'rous frame;  
But from his own celestial breath,  
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues:  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join the heav'nly songs.
- 4 Let beasts, which in the pastures feed,  
Or in the desarts lie,  
Fishes that move within the seas,  
And fowls beneath the sky;
- 5 Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring;  
And one united anthem raise  
To God, all nature's king.
- 6 Ye planets, to his honour shine,  
As thro' your orbs you run;  
Praise him in your eternal course  
Around the steady sun.
- 7 The glory of our Maker's name  
The wide creation fills,

And



And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

PSALM XX. As the 113th Psalm.

*Praise to GOD from the material Creation.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heav'ns well order'd frame  
Declares the glories of thy name;  
There thy rich works of wonder shine;  
A thousand starry beauties there,  
A thousand radiant marks appear  
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light  
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;  
With silent eloquence they raise  
Our thoughts to our creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journey of the sun,  
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:  
The sun, like a young bridegroom drest,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where-e'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
He smiles and speaks his maker Gop:  
All nature joins to shew thy praise;  
Thy glories thro' creation shine,  
Our souls confess the pow'r divine,  
And songs of chearful homage raise.

PSALM

## PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

*The GOD of Nature worshipped.*

- 1 **H**AILE, King supreme! all wise and good!  
To thee our thoughts we raise,  
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,  
Inspire our souls with praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
Thy works engage our view;  
And while we gaze our hearts exult  
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,  
Which gilds the gloom of night;  
And decks the rising face of morn  
With rays of cheering light.
- 4 The sunny hill the dewy lawn,  
With thousand beauties shine;  
The silent grove, and awful shade  
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 From tree to tree a constant hymn  
Employs the feather'd throng;  
To thee their chearful notes they swell,  
And chaunt their grateful song.
- 6 Great nature's God, still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage;  
Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works instructive page.

## P S A L M XXII. Common Metre.

*Praise to G O D from the heav'nly Bodies.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his creator's pow'r display;  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of one almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What tho' no real voice or sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."



## PSALM XXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*GOD the Creator and Governor of the World.*

- 1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice ;  
Your maker's praise becomes your voice ;  
Great is your theme, your songs be new :  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;  
His word the heav'nly arches spread :  
How wide they shine from north to south !  
And by the spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas ;  
Those wat'ry treasures know their place  
In the vast store-house of the deep :  
He spake and gave all nature birth ;  
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,  
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore  
A God of such resistless pow'r ;  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :  
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands ;  
But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age to age.

## PSALM XXIV. As the 50th Psalm.

*The eternal and sovereign G O D.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD of glory reigns, he reigns on high;  
 His robes of state are strength and majesty:  
 This wide creation rose at his command,  
 Built by his word; and 'stablish'd by his hand;  
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,  
 And his own godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King: his foes in vain  
 Raise their rebellions to confound his reign;  
 In vain the storms; in vain the floods arise,  
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;  
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild com-  
 motion,  
 But heav'ns high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods be still;  
 Be the whole earth submissive to his will:  
 Built on his truth his throne must ever stand;  
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:  
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,  
 Bow at his foot-stool, and with fear adore him.

## PSALM XXV. Common Metre.

*The eternal Dominion of G O D.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! how excellent art thou!  
 What worthless beings we!  
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
 And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God! how excellent art thou!  
What worthless beings we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

P S A L M XXVI. As the 50th Psalm.

*G O D the sovereign King.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD of glory reigns supremely great,  
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal seat;  
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway extends,  
Nor space, nor time his boundless empire ends;  
His eye beholds th' affairs of every nation,  
And reads each thought through his immense  
creation.

2 Light'nings



- 2 Light'nings and storms his mighty word obey,  
 And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way:  
 Unnumber'd angels veil'd before him stand,  
 And at his signal all their wings expand:  
 His praise gives harmony to all their voices,  
 And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.
- 3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,  
 Nor longer such unequal war maintain:  
 Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,  
 But dread to brave the pow'r by which you live:  
 With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore him,  
 For, if he frown, ye perish all before him.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **I** SING th' almighty pow'r of God,  
 That made the mountains rise;  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day;  
 The Moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the LORD,  
 That fill'd the earth with food;  
 He form'd the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 **L**ORD, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's

- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care:  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard;  
He keeps me with his eye;  
Why should I then forget the LORD,  
Who is for ever nigh?

## P S A L M XXVIII. Long Metre.

*The universal Providence of G O D.*

- 1 **T**HE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,  
Their great creator's love proclaim:  
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,  
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,  
And yields her various fruits to men;  
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,  
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone,  
Is his paternal goodness shown;  
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,  
Enjoy his universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,  
Till God permit the stroke of death;

He

He hears the ravens when they call,  
The father and the friend of all.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

*The constant Providence of GOD.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear;  
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,  
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole:  
By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive hymns of praise:  
Still be the chearful homage paid,  
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongues,  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALM XXX. Common Metre.

*The Providence of GOD in the Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r;

The



- The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade  
Successive comforts bring;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and months, and hours,  
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;  
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,  
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

## P S A L M XXXI. Long Metre.

*The providential Goodness of G O D.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works unite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 Sing to the LORD, the just, the good;  
He fills our hearts with joy and food;  
He pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.

Q

3 He

- 3 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn ;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death :  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 6 The wonders which his love hath wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;  
Should we attempt the long detail,  
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.
- 7 Praise ye the LORD ; my heart shall join,  
In work so pleasant, so divine,  
Now while this earth is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

*Divine Condescension to human Affairs.*

- 1 **U**P to the LORD, who reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 He who can shake the worlds he made,  
Or by his word, or by his rod,

His

His goodness how amazing great !  
And what a condescending God !

- 3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,  
And bow to see what angels do,  
Down to our earth directs his eyes,  
And bends his footsteps downward too.
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs ;  
On humble souls the king of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to his grace,  
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,  
And teach angelic minds his praise.

PSALM XXXIII. Common Metre.

*GOD the Preserver of our frail Bodies.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone ;  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings,  
Should keep in tune so long.



- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
 The God who form'd us first ;  
 Salvation to th' almighty name  
 That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
 Our maker we'll adore ;  
 His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
 Or they would heave no more.

PSALM XXXIV. Common Metre.

*G O D our constant Preserver.*

- 1 **H**OSANNAH with a chearful sound,  
 To God's upholding hand ;  
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r,  
 Which rais'd us with a word ;  
 And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour  
 We lean upon the LORD.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
 And angels guard the room,  
 We wake and we admire the bed  
 Which was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure  
 That we shall end the day ;  
 For death stands ready at the door  
 To make our lives his prey.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light  
 Our joy and safety brings ;

Our

Our feeble frames lie safe at night,  
Beneath his guardian wings.

## PSALM XXXV. Long Metre.

*GOD our Protector.*

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And safe at night shall rest his head.
- 2 He guides our feet, he guards our way,  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the ev'ning vale, and keeps  
The silent hours while nature sleeps.
- 3 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r  
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;  
" I who am form'd of feeble dust,  
" Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 4 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 5 He lives, the everlasting God,  
Who built the world and spread the flood;  
He lives, and, by his heav'nly care,  
Preserves my life from ev'ry snare.

## PSALM XXXVI. Common Metre.

*The daily Goodness of GOD.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;

And

And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil, like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;  
To thee we consecrate our days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM XXXVII. Common Metre.

*Our short Lives crowned with the divine Goodness.*

- 1 **O**UR time is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.
- 2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days  
Thy constant favours share ;  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou crown'st the rolling year:
- 3 The hand of mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloath'd with love,  
While grace stands pointing out the road,  
Which leads our souls above.
- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;  
All glory to the LORD !  
Thy mercy never knows a bound ;  
Be thy great name ador'd !

5 Thus



- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song;  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*GOD our constant Benefactor.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee our grateful tongues  
United thanks shall raise;  
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,  
Which celebrate thy praise.
- 2 From thine almighty forming hand  
We drew our vital pow'rs;  
Our time revolves at thy command,  
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy pow'r, our ever present guard,  
From ev'ry ill defends;  
While num'rous dangers hover round,  
Our help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
How sweet is our repose!  
The morning-light renews the springs  
From whence our comfort flows.
- 5 In celebration of thy praise  
We will employ our breath;  
And, walking stedfast in thy way,  
Will triumph over death.

PSALM

## P S A L M XXXIX. Long Metre.

*G O D acknowledged in our Enjoyments.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of light, we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
Wide as he spreads his chearing flame  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceeds,  
In plenteous drops the genial rain,  
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,  
Revives the grafs, and swells the grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;  
Yet numbers of our guilty race,  
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and slight thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall our sons more grateful shine,  
And show'rs in richer drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou our God ador'd in all.

## P S A L M XL. Common Metre.

*The peculiar Goodness of G O D to the Righteous.*

- 1 **W**ITH healing wonder, LORD, we view  
The bounties of thy grace;  
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,  
For those who seek thy face.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss  
Oft makes their cup run o'er;  
And in the cov'nant of thy love  
They find diviner store.
- 3 Thy mercy hides their num'rous sins,  
And forms them for the sky;  
It crowns their lives with present joys,  
And lifts their hopes on high.
- 4 For them rich treasures, yet unknown,  
Are stor'd in worlds to come;  
Peaceful and pleasant is their way,  
And happy is their home.
- 5 What equal tribute can we pay?  
Or how such goodness own?  
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee  
Thy servants hearts are known.
- 6 Since time's too short, O gracious God,  
To utter all thy praise,  
Loud to the honour of thy name,  
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

## P S A L M XLI. Long Metre.

*The Perfections and Providence of G O D.*

- 1 **W**ITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
We'll praise our maker in our song;  
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,  
Approve the song and join the praise.
- 2 Angels, who make his church their care,  
Shall witness our devotion there;

R

While



While holy zeal directs our eyes  
To his fair temple in the skies.

- 3 We bless our God, who reigns above,  
Whose thoughts are kind, whose name is love;  
Whose bounty thro' creation flows,  
And life and bliss on all bestows.
- 4 He built the earth, he spread the sky;  
He fix'd the starry lights on high;  
He fills the sun with morning light,  
And bids the moon direct the night.
- 5 His goodness crowns each op'ning day;  
His wisdom guides our doubtful way;  
He guards us by his pow'ful hand,  
And brings us to his heav'nly land.
- 6 O let our souls with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the LORD;  
How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

### PSALM XLII. Short Metre.

*Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.*

- 1 **O** Bless the LORD, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my soul!  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives my sins ;  
'Tis he relieves my pain ;  
'Tis he who heals my sicknesses,  
And makes me young again.
- 4 He crowns my life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave ;  
He, that redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the suff'ers rest ;  
The LORD hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways  
He made by *Moses* known ;  
And sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

## PSALM XLIII. Long Metre.

*The Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads his written word,  
The book of life, the true record ;  
The bright inheritance of heav'n  
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,  
Able to make us wise and blest'd ;

The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

- 4 O render thanks to God above,  
For his rich grace and boundless love;  
Let all mankind receive his word,  
And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

PSALM XLIV. As the 113th Psalm.

*The Knowledge of GOD.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
To sing and bless JEHOVAH's name:  
His glory let the heathens know,  
His wonders to the nations shew,  
And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 The heathens know thy glory, LORD;  
The wond'ring nations read thy word;  
In *Britain* is JEHOVAH known:  
Our worship shall no more be paid  
To gods which mortal hands have made;  
Our Maker is our God alone.

- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there:  
His beams are majesty and light;  
His beauties how divinely bright;  
His temple how divinely fair!

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall know his saving pow'r,  
And barb'rous nations fear his name;

Then



Then shall the race of men confess  
The beauty of his holiness,  
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

*The Mission of CHRIST.*

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son;  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;  
Joy thro' the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in chearful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea;  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
Prepare the LORD his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

*The Love of GOD displayed by CHRIST.*

- 1 **N**OW to the LORD a joyful song!  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;  
*Hosannah*

The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

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To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

*The Love of GOD displayed by CHRIST.*

- 1 **N**OW to the LORD a joyful song!  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;

*Hosannah*



*Hosannah* to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God in the presence of his Son  
Has all his noblest works out-done.
- 3 The spacious earth, the spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God:  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thy hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

PSALM XLVII. Short Metre.

*The Hope of Pardon by CHRIST.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our sinful race  
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas

- 3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by;  
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 4 Now sinners dry your tears;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease,  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 5 LORD, we obey the call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

## P S A L M XLVIII. Short Metre.

*Divine Assistance.*

- 1 **T**O GOD the only wise,  
Our saviour and our king,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and compleat,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the pious race  
Shall meet around his throne;

Shall

Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

- 5 For to our saviour God  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

P S A L M XLIX. As the 113th Psalm.

*The Hope of a Resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;  
How few his hours! how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave:  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save?
- 2 LORD, shall it be for ever said,  
"The race of man was only made  
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?  
"Are not thy servants, day by day,  
"Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?  
"LORD, where's thy kindness to the just?"
- 3 But thou hast promis'd to thy son,  
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown:  
Why do we then indulge despair?  
For ever blessed be the LORD,  
That we can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the LORD,  
Who gives his saints a long reward,  
For all their toil reproach and pain!

Let



Let all below, and all above  
Join to proclaim their wond'rous love,  
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

## P S A L M L. Common Metre.

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST.*

1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our LORD ;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That we should never die.

3 What tho' his uncontroul'd decree  
Command us back to dust ;  
Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOUR rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept  
'Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith as strangers here,  
'Till CHRIST shall call us home.

## P S A L M LI. Common Metre.

*Hope of future Happiness.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high;  
Awake, and praise that wond'rous love,  
Which shews salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day;  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise;  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;  
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

## P S A L M LII. Common Metre.

*Personal Mercies thankfully acknowledged.*

- 1 **W** HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?—  
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy

- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Before my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whence those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way ;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And in a kind and faithful friend,  
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;



Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 11 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And, after death in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

- 12 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 13 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

P S A L M LIII. Common Metre.

*Preservation by Sea.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O LORD !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.

- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry foil,  
Made ev'ry region please ;  
The hoary frozen hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the boisterous seas.

4 Think,

- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise.
- 5 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
And fear in every heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O LORD,  
Thy mercy set me free;  
While in the confidence of pray'r  
My soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave;  
I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will,  
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

## P S A L M LIV. Long Metre.

*New Year's Day.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;  
Thy mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our GOD;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper GOD, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

## P S A L M LV. Common Metre.

*For the Morning.*

- 1 **S**TILL do the wheels of time revolve,  
And bear this life along!  
With thanks I end the fleeting days,  
And hail them with a song.

2 LORD,



- 2 LORD, what is man when lost in sleep ?  
 Sense and reflection dies :  
 And yet from this defenceless state  
 With new delight I rise.
- 3 — But not defenceless, O my soul !  
 Observe that guardian hand,  
 Which plac'd those watchful angels there,  
 There set the heav'nly band.
- 4 And does the king of glory wake  
 To guard my sleeping head ?  
 And shining *Seraphs* pitch their tent  
 So near a mortal's bed ?
- 5 Great God of hosts, accept the song :  
 I own the wond'rous grace :  
 O may the guardian of my nights  
 Delight to bless my days.
- 6 'Tis theirs alone such bliss to know,  
 Who do their father's will ;  
 Resolve, my soul, and, sin subdu'd,  
 Defy each mortal ill.
- 7 This day shall ev'ry hour correct  
 The follies of the past ;  
 And such shall all its actions be,  
 As would adorn the last.

## P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

*For the Evening.*

- 1 **S**TAY, stay, my lab'ring pow'rs awake,  
 To praise a while your God ;

The

- The God who rules the lightsome day,  
And spreads these shades abroad.
- 2 The hand which fills my daily cup,  
And gives me daily bread,  
Preserves my ev'ning comforts too,  
And makes my nightly bed.
- 3 Past, O my soul, for ever past  
Is an important day;  
Its sorrows and its joys are gone,  
The serious and the gay.
- 4 And life itself, that chequer'd scene,  
Dies with the morning flow'r;  
Each scheme dissolv'd, and ev'ry thought  
Shall perish in an hour.
- 5 This night perhaps the hand of death  
May snatch my soul away;  
And send it to the shades of woe,  
Or to eternal day.
- 6 My soul, or meditate the dread,  
Or oh! indulge the joy;  
And let the praise of love divine  
The sweetest thoughts employ.
- 7 'Tis this which cheers my midnight hours,  
And dissipates the gloom;  
Adds a fresh lustre to the light,  
And glory to the tomb.
- 8 Thus, while I feel my heav'n-born soul  
To its own mansions soar,  
Fearless, I give mine eyes to sleep,  
Tho' I should wake no more.

## P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.

*National Deliverance.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong;  
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;  
His hand hath dealt a dreadful blow,  
And terror strikes the haughty foe.
- 2 Praise to the LORD who bows his ear  
Propitious to our humble pray'r;  
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,  
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 3 O may thy grace our land engage,  
Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage,  
The tribute of its praise to bring  
To thee our saviour and our king.
- 4 Our temples, guarded from the flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant name;  
And ev'ry peaceful private home  
To thee a temple shall become.

## P S A L M LVIII. Common Metre.

*Victory over public Enemies.*

- 1 **E**ACH *British* tongue shall join to sing,  
"The LORD maintains his throne;"  
Each *British* heart shall own its king,  
And make its glories known.
- 2 At his command, tyrannic pride  
From its high seat is hurl'd;  
On awful clouds behold him ride,  
And thunder thro' the world.



- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,  
Distributes mortal crowns ;  
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,  
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,  
Are vanquish'd by his breath ;  
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,  
Descend to wat'ry death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence  
T' inflave our happy land ;  
JEHOVAH's name is our defence,  
Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 Long may the king, our sovereign, live  
To rule us by his word ;  
And all the honours he can give  
Be offer'd to the LORD.

• P S A L M LIX. Common Metre.

*Fifth of November.*

- 1 **S**HOUT to the LORD, and let our joys  
Thro' the whole nation run ;  
Ye *British* skies, resound the noise  
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,  
Thee our glad voices sing ;  
And join with the celestial choir,  
To praise th' eternal king.
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,  
And, from the starry skies,

Looks

- Looks down and scorns the weak designs,  
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy hand defies their feeble rage,  
And at thine awful frown,  
Their deep-laid plots are render'd vain,  
Their *Babel* is o'erthrown.
- 5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,  
Our land the sacrifice;  
But gloomy caverns strove in vain  
To 'scape all-searching eye.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd;  
Their treasons all betray'd;  
Praise to the LORD, who broke the snare  
Their cruel hands had laid.

PSALM LX. Common Metre.

*The Blessings of civil Government.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL sov'reign of the sky,  
And LORD of all below,  
We mortals to thy majesty  
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
And bless thy providence,  
For magistrates of meaner name,  
Our glory and defence.
- 3 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,  
While virtue finds reward,  
And sinners perish from the land,  
By justice and the sword.

- 4 Where laws and liberties combine  
 To make the people blest,  
 There crowns with brightest lustre shine,  
 And kings are honour'd best.
- 5 Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid  
 To *Cæsar* and his throne ;  
 But consciences and souls were made  
 To be the LORD's alone.

PSALM LXI. As the 113th Psalm.

*A general national Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **S**AY, should we search the globe around,  
 Where can such happiness be found,  
 As dwells in *Britain's* favour'd isle ?  
 Here plenty reigns ; here freedom sheds  
 Her choicest blessings on our heads,  
 And bids our bleakest mountains smile.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
 Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore ;  
 Science and art their charms display ;  
 Religion teacheth us to raise  
 Our voices in our maker's praise,  
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, almighty king !  
 From thee our matchless blessings spring ;  
 Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
 The raptures liberty bestows,  
 Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.



- 4 With grateful hearts, with chearful tongues,  
 To GOD we raise united songs ;  
 His pow'r and mercy we proclaim ;  
*Britons thro' ev'ry age shall own,*  
 JEHOVAH here has fix'd his throne,  
 And triumph in his mighty name.
- 5 Long as the moon her course shall run,  
 Or man behold the circling sun,  
 O still may God in *Britain* reign ;  
 Still crown her councils with success,  
 With peace and joy her borders bless,  
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

## P S A L M LXII. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD from Men.*

- 1 GREAT is the LORD ; his works of might  
 Demand our noblest songs ;  
 Let his assembled saints unite  
 Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the LORD ;  
 He gives his children food :  
 And ever mindful of his word,  
 He makes his promise good.
- 3 His son, the great redeemer, came  
 To seal his cov'nant sure ;  
 Holy and rev'rend is his name  
 His ways are just and pure.
- 4 Then let our inward joys arise,  
 And burst into a song ;  
 Let the blest theme, which fills the skies,  
 Employ each human tongue.

P S A L M

## P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

*Praise to GOD from Angels.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD, the sov'reign king,  
Hath fix'd his throne on high;  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will;  
Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait  
The orders of their king,  
And guard his servants when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wond'rous works,  
Thro' his vast kingdom, show  
Their maker's glory; thou, my soul,  
Shalt sing his praises too.

## P S A L M LXIV. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD on the LORD's Day.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my king,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
My noblest pow'rs shall join to raise  
A tribute of exalted praise.

3 My

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the LORD,  
 And blefs his works, and blefs his word;  
 His works of grace, how bright they shine!  
 How deep his counfels ! how divine !

## P S A L M LXV. Common Metre.

*Praise to G O D in his House.*

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory dwells.

- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
 While you rehearse his deeds;  
 But the great work of saving love  
 Your highest praise exceeds.

- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,  
 Proclaim your Maker blest;  
 Yet, when my voice expires in death,  
 My soul shall praise him best.

## P S A L M LXVI. Common Metre.

*Universal and sincere Praise to G O D.*

- 1 **O** For a shout of sacred joy  
 To God the sov'reign King;  
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 While angels join to sing his praise,  
 Let mortals learn their strains;  
 Let all the earth his honours raise;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse



- 3 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound;  
 Let knowledge lead the ſong;  
 Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound,  
 Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

P S A L M LXVII. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD thro' the Whole of our Exiſtence.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thro' all its days  
 My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe;  
 The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,  
 And cheer the dark and ſilent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my reſt,  
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breaſt,  
 Thy tuneful praiſes, rais'd on high,  
 Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,  
 And all its pow'rs of language fail,  
 Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,  
 And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.
- 4 But oh! when that laſt conflict's o'er;  
 And I am chain'd to earth no more,  
 With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,  
 To join the muſic of the ſkies!
- 5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,  
 Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains;  
 And emulate with joy unknown,  
 The nobler ſpirits round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
 Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;  
 A work ſo ſweet, a theme ſo high,  
 Demands and crowns eternity.

P S A L M

## P S A L M LXVIII. Long Metre.

*A general Act of Praise.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the LORD your sov'reign king;  
Serve him with chearful heart and voice;  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 Attend before his lofty throne,  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;  
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty maker, to thy name?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## P S A L M LXIX. Long Metre.

*Our Praises not profitable to G O D.*

- 1 **Y**E weak inhabitants of clay,  
Ye short-liv'd creatures of a day,  
Low in your native dust bow down  
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 With heart devout, with solemn eye,  
Behold JEHOVAH seated high;  
And search, what worthy sacrifice  
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.
- 3 Loud let ten thousand voices sound,  
And call remotest nations round;  
Assemble, on the crowded plains,  
Princes and people, kings and swains:
- 4 Join'd with the living, let the dead  
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;  
And, while his praise unite their tongues,  
Let angels echo back the songs:—
- 5 The drop, which from the bucket falls,  
The dust, which hangs upon the scales,  
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,  
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

## P S A L M LXX. Long Metre.

*G O D exalted above all Praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL pow'r! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite length beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Earth



- 2 Earth from afar has heard thy fame;  
Our tongues have learn'd to lisp thy name:  
But oh! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 3 God is in heav'n, and men below:  
Short be our tunes, our words be few:  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*The END of the SECOND PART.*

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PART III.

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P S A L M S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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PSALM I. Common Metre.

*The Coming of the MESSIAH.*

- 1 JOY to the world ; the LORD is come ;  
Let earth receive her king ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the SAVIOUR reigns ;  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

PSALM

## P S A L M II. Common Metre.

*Hofannab to JESUS CHRIST.*

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes,  
The SAVIOUR promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In *Satan's* bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray;  
And on the eye oppress'd with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad *Hofannabs*, prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'ns eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.



## PSALM III, Short Metre.

*The Birth of CHRIST.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears ;  
The promise is fulfill'd,  
*Mary*, the wond'rous virgin, bears,  
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news,  
An heav'nly form appears ;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
And banishes their fears.
- 3 "Go humble swains," said he,  
"To *David's* city fly ;  
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,  
"Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 "With looks and hearts serene,  
"Go visit **CHRIST** your king :"—  
And straight a flaming troop was seen :  
The shepherds heard them sing,
- 5 "Glory to God on high !  
"And heav'nly peace on earth !  
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
"At the Redeemer's birth !"
- 6 In anthems so divine  
Let saints employ their tongues ;  
With the celestial host we join,  
And loud repeat their songs ;
- 7 Glory to God on high !  
And heav'nly peace on earth !  
Good-will to men, and angels joy,  
At the Redeemer's birth !

## P S A L M IV. Proper Tune.

*For Christmas Day.*

1 **A**RISE, and hail the happy day;  
 Cast all low cares of life away;  
 And thought of meaner things;  
 This day, to cure our deadly woes,  
 The sun of righteousness arose,  
 With healing in his wings.

2 How wonderful, how vast his love,  
 Who left the shining realms above,  
 Those happy seats of rest!  
 How much for human kind he bore,  
 Their peace and pardon to restore,  
 Can never be express'd.

3 Then let our souls adore his grace,  
 Let holy joy and thanks take place  
 Of sorrow, grief and pain;  
 Give glory to our God most high,  
 And 'midst the universal joy,  
 Proclaim good-will to men.

4 Let all in heav'n and earth rejoice;  
 Angels and men unite their voice,  
 And hymn the happy day,  
 When *Satan's* empire vanish'd fell,  
 And all the pow'rs of death and hell  
 Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

## P S A L M V. Long Metre.

*The Example of CHRIST.*

1 **M**Y dear redeemer, and my LORD!  
 I read my duty in thy word;

But

- But in thy life thy law appears,  
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 Such def'rence to thy father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
 Witness'd the fervours of thy pray'r;  
 The desert thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear  
 More of thy lovely image here;  
 Then God, the judge, shall own my name  
 Among the foll'wers of the lamb.

## P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

*CHRIST's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

- 1 **I** Sing my SAVIOUR's wond'rous death;  
 He conquer'd when he fell;  
 "'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,  
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finish'd," our EMMANUEL cries,  
 "Th' important work is done:"——  
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
 His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
 For glory and renown;  
 When, thro' the regions of the dead,  
 He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted



4 Exalted at his father's side  
Sits our victorious LORD;  
To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from his propitious eye,  
Await their sev'ral crowns;  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terrors of his frowns.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

*Praise to CHRIST the Lamb of GOD.*

1 COME let us join our chearful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the lamb that dy'd," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to raise thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the lamb.

## P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*The Resurrection of CHRIST.*

- 1 " **I** Set the LORD before my face;  
     " He bears my courage up;  
 " My heart and tongue their joys express;  
     " My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 " My spirit, LORD, thou wilt not leave  
     " Where souls departed are;  
 " Nor give my body to the grave,  
     " To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
     " And raise me to thy throne;  
 " Thy courts immortal pleasures give,  
     " Thy presence joys unknown."
- 4 Thus, in the name of CHRIST the LORD,  
     The holy *David* sung;  
 And providence fulfill'd the word  
     Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 In the cold prison of the grave,  
     Our great redeemer lay,  
 'Till the revolving skies had brought  
     The third, th' appointed day.
- 6 Then he destroy'd the pow'rs of death,  
     And vanquish'd all his foes;  
 Ye saints, remember and rejoice,  
     For then the SAVIOUR rose.

## P S A L M IX. As the 148th Psalm.

*CHRIST seen of Angels.*

- 1 **O** Ye immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the SAVIOUR known :  
On earth ye knew  
His wond'rous grace ;  
His glorious face  
In heav'n ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heav'n-born child,  
In human flesh array'd,  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid ;  
And praise to God,  
And peace on earth,  
For such a birth,  
Proclaim aloud.
- 3 His agonizing pains,  
And bloody sweat, ye knew,  
And, from your blissful plains,  
With eager haste ye flew ;  
Ye saw his grief ;  
And from above,  
On wings of love,  
Brought him relief.
- 4 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye keep ;  
'Till the blest moment come,  
To rouse him from his sleep :



Then roll'd the stone,  
 And all ador'd  
 Your rising LORD,  
 With joy unknown.

- 5 When all array'd in light  
 The shining conq'ror rode,  
 Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight  
 Up to the throne of God ;  
 And wav'd around  
 Your golden wings,  
 And struck your strings  
 Of sweetest sound.

- 6 The joyful notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise ;  
 While mortals sing with you  
 Their own Redeemer's praise ;  
 And thou, my heart,  
 With equal flame,  
 And joy the same,  
 Perform thy part.

PSALM X. Long Metre.

*The Mission of the HOLY SPIRIT.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When CHRIST's belov'd disciples met ;  
 While on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
 What pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !  
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,  
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus

- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth;  
 From east to west, from south to north :  
 " Go and assert your SAVIOUR's cause ;  
 " Go spread the mystery of the cross."
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;  
 While *Satan* rages at his loss,  
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 5 Great king of grace ! my heart subdue ;  
 I would be led in triumph too,  
 A willing captive to my LORD,  
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

## P S A L M XI. Common Metre.

*The Intercession and Compassion of CHRIST.*

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our high priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His breast o'erflows with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame ;  
 He knows what strong temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
 The great Redeemer stood,  
 While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,  
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears ;

And,

And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
In the distressful hour.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

*The Offices of CHRIST.*

- 1 **W**E bless the prophet of the LORD,  
Who comes with truth and grace ;  
JESUS, thy spirit and thy word  
Shall guide us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our high priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood ;  
Who lives to carry on his love,  
And intercedes with GOD.
- 3 We honour our exalted king ;  
How wise are his commands !  
He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 *Hosannab* to his glorious name,  
Who saves by different ways ;  
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim  
To our immortal praise.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

*The Excellence of the Christian Religion.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my SAVIOUR and my LORD !

Thy



- Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 How well thy blessed truths agree !  
How wise and holy thy commands !  
Thy promises how firm they be !  
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 3 What if we trace the globe around,  
And search from *Britain* to *Japan* ;  
There shall be no religion found,  
So just to God, so safe to man.
- 4 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss  
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;  
Nor does the *Turkish* paradise  
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 5 Should all the forms, which men devise,  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

## P S A L M XIV. Long Metre.

*The Excellence and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD,  
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And night and day, thy pow'r confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when thy truth begun its race,  
It darted light on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
'Till thro' the world thy truth has run;  
'Till CHRIST has all the nations blest'd,  
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great sun of righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

## P S A L M XV. Short Metre.

*The Happiness of Christians.*

- 1 **H**OW welcome is their voice,  
Who speak the SAVIOUR'S name,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And terms of peace proclaim!
- 2 How grateful is the sound!  
How good the tidings are!  
The church beholds her SAVIOUR king;  
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
Which see this heav'nly light!

Prophets

Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the sight.

5 Christians unite their voice,  
And chearful notes employ ;  
Their SAVIOUR's praise inspires their songs,  
And heathens learn the joy.

6 The LORD displays his grace  
Thro' all the earth abroad ;  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their SAVIOUR and their God.

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

*Children devoted to GOD in Baptism.*

1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the LORD,  
" I'll be a GOD to thee ;  
" I'll blest thy num'rous race, and they  
" Shall be a seed for me."

2 *Abra'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,  
And gave his sons to GOD ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,  
When she receiv'd the word ;  
Thus the believing jailor gave  
His household to the LORD.

4 Thus later saints, eternal king,  
Thine ancient truth embrace ;  
To thee their infant off-spring bring,  
And humbly claim the grace.

Y

P S A L M



## PSALM XVII. Short Metre.

*The Communion.*

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold  
Communion with their LORD.
- 2 Here we survey that love,  
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Here let our pow'rs unite,  
His glorious name to raise,  
Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts  
His gracious hands bestow,  
Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,  
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let love inspire each breast,  
And dictate every thought;  
Be angry passions far remov'd,  
And selfish views forgot.
- 6 Our souls dilated wide,  
By our Redeemer's grace,  
Shall, in the arms of fervent love,  
All heav'n and earth embrace.

## P S A L M XVIII. Long Metre.

*Remembrance of CHRIST.*

- 1 **E**AT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend ;"  
 Such was our SAVIOUR's last request,  
 Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
 That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,  
 Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends ;  
 Thy dying love the noblest praise  
 Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,  
 Thy goodness thro' these veils to see ;  
 Thy table food celestial yields,  
 And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But O what vast transporting joys  
 Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,  
 When, join'd with the celestial train,  
 Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all-refin'd,  
 Perfect and glorious as thine own,  
 Unwearied shall our minds obey,  
 And join to make thy favours known.

## P S A L M XIX. Common Metre.

*The new Covenant sealed.*

- 1 **"T**HE promise of my Father's love  
 " Shall stand for ever good ;"  
 CHRIST said, and gave his soul to death,  
 And seal'd the grace with blood.

- 2 Then to the cov'nant of thy word,  
I'll fet my worthless name ;  
I seal th' engagement to my LORD,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine ;  
My life, and soul, and all my pow'rs,  
Shall be for ever thine,

## P S A L M XX. Long Metre.

*The Memorial of our absent LORD.*

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
And thrust our SAVIOUR from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his wond'rous grace ;  
And therefore these memorials gave,  
'Till we ascend to see his face.
- 3 The Lord of Life this table spread,  
In mem'ry of his death and love ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And gain a taste of joys above.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live for ever near his face.



## P S A L M XXI. Long Metre.

*Glorifying in the Cross of CHRIST.*

- 1 **A**T thy command, O gracious LORD,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
The bread thy broken body shows,  
The wine thy blood shed for each guest.
- 2 Our souls adore thy matchless love,  
And trust for life in one who dy'd ;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And cast their scandals on his cause ;  
We meet to bless our SAVIOUR's name,  
And spread the triumphs of his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead hath left his tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting 'till he come.

## P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

*The Christian's Character and Prospects.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
And prove the doctrines all-divine.
- 2 Then shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour GOD ;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of our LORD,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

## P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

*Virtue the Source of Peace.*

- 1 **F**ORSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin;  
 How false her joys appear!  
 Noise and confusion dwell within:  
 Peace is a stranger there.

- 2 Peace never fix'd her sacred throne  
 So near the gates of hell;  
 She reigns in pious breasts alone,  
 Where heav'nly virtues dwell.

- 3 The men who keep the laws of God,  
 His choicest blessings share;  
 Or, if he lifts his chast'ning rod,  
 'Tis with a Father's care.

- 4 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just;  
 His wisdom point their way;  
 His eye shall watch their sleeping dust;  
 His hand revive their clay.

- 5 Begin, ye saints, the joyful task;  
 His praise employ your tongue;  
 And soon eternity will ask  
 A more exalted song.

P S A L M

## P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

*The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they,  
Whose hands and hearts are pure from sin;  
Should tempests shake the earth and sea,  
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick, as their thoughts, their joys come on,  
But fly not half so fast away;  
Their souls are ever bright, as noon,  
And calm, as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasure grow!  
And pleasing hopes, and chearful smiles,  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to pine for golden toys;  
But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numb'ring o'er diviner joys,  
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

## P S A L M XXV. Long Metre.

*A good Conscience the best Support under Afflictions.*

- 1 **W**HILE some in folly's pleasure roll,  
And seek the joys which hurt the soul;  
Be mine, that silent calm repast,  
A peaceful conscience to the last.

2 That



- 2 That tree, which bears immortal fruit,  
Without a canker at the root;  
That friend, who never fails the just,  
When other friends desert their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,  
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;  
I will not fear the midnight gloom,  
Nor the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Tho' heav'n afflict I'll not repine;  
The noblest comforts still are mine;  
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,  
And journey with me thro' the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,  
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;—  
And shall I murmur at my GOD,  
When sov'reign love directs the rod?
- 6 His hand shall smooth my rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day;  
To milder skies, and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

PSALM XXVI. Common Metre.

*The Duties of Piety.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, before thy Maker bow;  
His wond'rous works admire,  
'Till rev'rence and religious awe  
Thine inmost thoughts inspire.
- 2 With humble trust dismiss thy cares,  
And on his love depend;

Leave

- Leave him to manage thine affairs,  
To him thyself commend.
- 3 Let high esteem affection raise ;  
Devotion warm thy breast ;  
Let thankful love excite thy praise ;  
In him alone be blest.
- 4 To him thy solemn homage pay ;  
His constant aid implore ;  
Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day,  
And thus prepare for more.
- 5 Without reserve to him submit ;  
All his commands fulfil ;  
Acknowledge all his actions fit ;  
Nor e'er oppose his will.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

*Contemplation of the divine Works.*

- 1 **L**OOK round, O man ! survey this globe ;  
Speak of creating pow'r ;  
See, nature gives a diff'rent robe.  
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.
- 2 See various beings fill the air,  
And people earth and sea ;  
What grateful changes form the year !  
How constant night and day !
- 3 Next raise thine eye ;——the vast expanse  
A pow'r unbounded shows ;  
See round the sun the planets dance,  
And various worlds compose.

- 4 Then turn into thyself, O man ;  
 With wonder view thy soul ;  
 Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,  
 And still directs the whole.
- 5 And let obedience to his laws  
 Thy gratitude proclaim,  
 To him the first almighty cause ; —  
 JEHOVAH is his name.

## PSALM XXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*Confidence in divine Protection.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD my pasture will prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence will my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he will attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly hand will give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade,
- 4 Tho'



- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIX. Common Metre.

*Confidence in G O D our Father.*

- 1 **O** GOD, on thee we all depend,  
On thy paternal care:  
Thou wilt the father, and the friend,  
In ev'ry act appear.
- 2 With open hand, and lib'ral heart,  
Thou wilt our wants supply;  
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,  
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our father knows what's good and fit,  
And wisdom guides his love;  
To thine appointments we submit,  
And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,  
With chearful hearts we trust;  
Thy tender mercies boundless are,  
And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want, while God provides;  
What he ordains is best;  
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,  
Will give eternal rest.

## PSALM XXX. Long Metre.

*Chearful Reliance on Providence.*

- 1 **G**REAT LORD of earth, and seas, and skies,  
 Thy wealth the needy world supplies:  
 On thee alone the whole depends,  
 Thy care to ev'ry part extends.
- 2 The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs;  
 Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares;  
 And, safe beneath thy guardian arm,  
 We live secure from ev'ry harm.
- 3 To thee we chearful homage bring;  
 In grateful hymns thy praises sing;  
 Direct to thee our waiting eyes,  
 And humbly look for fresh supplies.
- 4 We still are indigent and poor,  
 Indebted much, and wanting more;  
 Yet still on thee our souls depend,  
 The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.
- 5 And should thy measures seem severe,  
 With patience we'll correction bear;  
 Without complaint to thee submit,  
 Unerring judge of what is fit.

## PSALM XXXI. Short Metre.

*Seeking the Favour of G O D.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
 This joy, to call thee mine;  
 And let my earnest cries prevail,  
 To taste thy love divine.

- 2 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please the LORD.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live ;  
Not all the dainties of a feast,  
Such food or pleasure give.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night,  
I call my God to mind ;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies ;  
And, on thy watchful providence,  
My chearful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

P S A L M XXXII. Long Metre.

*Love to G O D.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, whose all-pervading eye  
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,  
Witness, if here or there, thou seest  
An object of my equal love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men  
Pursue their blifs, and find their woe,

Detain



- Detain my rising heart, which springs  
The nobler joys of heav'n to know.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light,  
Who lead the army round thy throne,  
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,  
And seeks its rest in God alone.
- 4 Fix'd near th' immortal source of bliss,  
Dauntless and joyous, it surveys  
Each form of horror and distress,  
Which earth, combin'd with hell, can raise.
- 5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die;  
This heart renew its pulse no more;  
E'en now I see the moment nigh,  
When life's last movements shall be o'er.
- 6 But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,  
With thine own hand thy pow'r destroy;  
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God.  
My portion and eternal joy.

PSALM XXXIII. Common Metre.

*Submission under Afflictions.*

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And rose to life at first;  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And call our own in vain,  
Are but short pleasures borrow'd now,  
To be repaid again.

3 'Tis

- 3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them to the grave;  
He gives, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our restless passions, then;  
Let each impatient sigh  
Be silent, at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too,  
Which strikes our comforts dead.

## P S A L M XXXIV. Long Metre.

*Confidence in the Promises of G O D.*

- 1 **W**E sing the goodness of the LORD,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as firm as his decrees,  
Hath set his kindest promises.
- 2 Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad;  
Each of them pow'rful as that sound  
Which bid the new-made world go round.
- 3 Whence then shall doubts and fears arise?  
Why trickling sorrows cloud our eyes?  
Slowly, alas! our hope receives  
The comforts which our maker gives.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith;  
T' embrace

T' embrace the message of his son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break;  
Our steady souls should fear, no more  
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

6 Our everlasting hopes shall rise  
Above the ruinable skies,  
Where the eternal builder reigns,  
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

PSALM XXXV. Short Metre.

*Joy in G O D.*

1 **C**OME, we who love the LORD,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

3 The God who rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas:

4 This awful God is ours,  
Our father and our love:  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.

5 Then



- 5 Then shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
Then, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joy create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## P S A L M XXXVI. Common Metre.

*Acceptable Worship.*

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit just and wise;  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,  
With honour can appear;  
The formal hypocrites are known  
Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground;

A a

But

But GOD abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.

- 4 LORD, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

PSALM XXXVII. Short Metre.

*The LORD's Day welcomed.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
Which saw the SAVIOUR rise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The LORD himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day, amidst the place  
In which our God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

PSALM XXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Pleasures of public Devotion.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O LORD of hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the souls who dwell on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty;

Thy

Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

- 3 Blest are the saints who find a place,  
Within the temples of thy grace;  
There they behold thy milder rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength; and thro' the road,  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 5 Chearful they walk, with growing strength,  
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;  
'Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M XXXIX. Long Metre.

*Family Devotion.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace:  
From thee they spring, and by thy hand,  
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd;  
Who, LORD of heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
With saints, in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee let each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows:  
Our servants there, and rising race.  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.



- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name;  
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove,  
To join the family above.

PSALM XL. Common Metre.

*Secret Devotion.*

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Looks thro' the shades of night;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey  
My humble worship paid,  
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;  
To thee my soul shall soar;  
With grateful praise, and fervent pray'r,  
Employ the silent hour.

- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise;  
The day shall close in peace;  
So wilt thou train me for the skies,  
Where joy shall never cease.

PSALM XLI. Long Metre.

*Religion vain without Love.*

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use:  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The place of love can ever fill.

## PSALM XLII. Common Metre.

*The Excellence of Love.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where virtues reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 'Tis love which makes our willing feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 3 Love suffers long, with patient eye,  
Nor is provok'd in haste;  
She lets the present injury die,  
And soon forgets the past.
- 4 She nor desires, nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the times;

Nor

Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those who climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,  
To seek her neighbour's good:  
So God's own son came down to die,  
And sav'd us by his blood.

6 Love is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis love shall strike our joyful strings,  
In the bright realms of bliss.

PSALM XLIII. Long Metre.

*Love to all Mankind.*

1 **O** GOD, my saviour, and my king,  
Of all I have or hope the spring!  
Send down thy spirit from above,  
And warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from ev'ry act abstain,  
Which hurts, or gives my neighbour pain;  
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,  
That would abridge his happiness.

3 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd  
To act the friend to all my kind;  
Still with them safety, health and ease,  
Wealth, fame, eternal life and peace.

4 With pity let my breast o'erflow,  
When I behold a wretch in woe;  
And bear a sympathizing part,  
With all who are of heavy heart.

5 And



- 5 And when another's prosperous state  
Shall joy within himself create,  
Let me too in his triumph join,  
And count his peace and pleasure mine.
- 6 Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,  
Still let me vanquish spite with love;  
Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,  
But always ready to forgive.
- 7 Let love in all my conduct shine,  
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine;  
Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,  
Father of men, great God of love.

## PSALM XLIV. Common Metre.

*Domestic Love and Happiness.*

- 1 **L** O! what an entertaining sight  
Are kindred that agree!  
How blest the house, where hearts unite,  
In bands of piety!
- 2 Where streams of love, from heav'nly springs,  
Descend to ev'ry soul;  
And sacred peace, with balmy wings,  
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 All in their proper stations move;  
And each fulfils his part,  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Their souls are form'd for joy and peace;  
Their hearts and hopes are one;

And

And kind designs to serve and please,  
Thro' all their actions run.

5 How happy is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,  
Make the communion sweet!

6 Such pleasure crowns the heav'nly hills;  
Thus saints are blest above;  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

*Love to Enemies.*

1 **W**HEN, in the form of mortal man,  
The son of God was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
He was encompass'd round.

2 The woes of men his pity mov'd,  
Their peace he still pursu'd;  
They render'd hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.

3 Their malice rag'd without a cause!  
Yet, with his dying breath,  
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
And bless'd his foes in death.

4 **L**ORD, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before mine eyes?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love mine enemies.

PSALM

## P S A L M XLVI. Long Metre.

*Personal Virtues.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, rouse ev'ry pow'r,  
Thy native dignity display:  
Let lust and passion reign no more,  
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,  
Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state;  
From dire revenge and envy free,  
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites;  
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes;  
Fix them on those divine delights,  
Which angels taste above the skies.
- 4 On wings of faith to heav'n ascend;  
By hope anticipate the feast;  
With all thy pow'rs still upwards tend,  
And leave to sensual minds the rest.
- 5 With eager zeal pursue the prize;  
Each fleeting hour of life improve:  
This course will speak thee truly wise,  
And raise thee to the world above.

## P S A L M XLVII. Proper Tune.

*Contentment.*

- 1 **I**F solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breasts this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam:



The world hath nothing to bestow;  
 From our own selves our joys must flow,  
 And peace begins at home.

- 2 We'll therefore relish, with content,  
 Whate'er kind providence hath sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r;  
 And, if our store be very small,  
 With thankful hearts enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present hour.

- 3 We'll be resign'd, when ills betide,  
 Patient, when favours are deny'd,  
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n;  
 This is the wise, the virtuous part;  
 This is that incense of the heart,  
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

- 4 Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go,  
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,  
 With cautious steps we'll tread;  
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
 Without a trouble or a fear,  
 And mingle with the dead.

- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
 And chear our dying breath;  
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
 And smoothe the bed of death.

## PSALM XLVIII. Common Metre.

*The Temptations of human Life.*

- 1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too!
- 2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy food.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust:  
Celestial treasures they resign,  
T' indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dangerous snares to souls;  
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,  
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice;  
In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heav'n for you.

## P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

*Life the only Season of Preparation for Eternity.*

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the LORD,  
The time t' ensure the great reward;  
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour, which God hath giv'n,  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die;  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd,  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

## P S A L M L. Common Metre.

*The Frailty and Importance of human Life.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal God!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying creatures we.

2 Our



- 2 Our wasting life grows shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Still leaves the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath, which first it gave;  
Where-e'er we are, what-e'er we do,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the road,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal state of all mankind  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Waken, O LORD, our active pow'rs,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And, if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

PSALM LI. Common Metre.

*Comfort in Sickness and Death.*

- 1 **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid frame,  
Each dazzling pleasure flies;  
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure  
Our long deluded eyes.
- 2 When the tremendous arm of death  
Its fatal sceptre shows;

And

And nature faints, beneath the weight  
Of complicated woes.

- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life  
Shall crumble into dust;  
Nature shall faint; but learn my soul,  
On nature's God to trust.

- 4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd  
On his all-gracious God,  
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,  
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm;  
On heav'n his soul relies;  
With joy he views his Maker's love,  
And with composure dies.

PSALM LII. Common Metre.

*A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
My ears, attend the cry:  
"Ye living men, come view the ground;  
"Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
"In spite of all your tow'rs;  
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
And are we yet secure?  
Still walking downward to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant

- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

## PSALM LIII. Long Metre.

*Death the Way whence we shall not return.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path, which mortals tread,  
 Down to the regions of the dead!  
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
 Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;  
 Know, O my soul, this doom's thine own;  
 Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame;  
 The same my way, my home the same.
- 3 From vital air, from chearful light,  
 To the cold grave's perpetual night;  
 From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
 I must to God's tribunal pass.
- 4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,  
 And lose in this each mortal care;  
 With steady feet that path be trod,  
 Which, thro' the grave, conducts to God.
- 5 Then shall I smile, secure from fear,  
 Tho' death should blast the rising year;  
 And joy to reach the blissful shore,  
 From whence I shall return no more.



## PSALM LIV. Common Metre.

*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, which us'd to rise,  
 Converse a while with death;  
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,  
 His pulses faint and few;  
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But oh, the soul that never dies;  
 At once it leaves the clay:  
 My thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts, where angels dwell,  
 It mounts, to triumph there;  
 Or sinks, reluctant, down to hell,  
 In horror and despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?  
 And must this soul remove?  
 O for some guardian angel nigh,  
 To bear it safe above!
- 6 My God, to thine all-gracious hand  
 My deathless soul I trust;  
 Nor fear to meet the high command,  
 Which calls me back to dust.

## PSALM LV. Common Metre.

*The Happiness of the dying Christian.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,  
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the LORD;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

## PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just?  
How long the blood of martyrs stain  
Lie mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo! I behold the scatt'ring shades;  
The dawn of heav'n appears;  
The bright immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of Glory come,  
And flaming guards around;  
The skies divide to make him room;  
The trumpet shakes the ground.

- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise;"  
 And lo! the dead obey;  
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and, on the wing,  
 Mount swiftly thro' the air:  
 In robes of light they meet their king,  
 And low adore him there.
- 6 Break, glorious morning, thro' the skies,  
 These joyful scenes display;  
 And call our willing souls to rise  
 To everlasting day.

## PSALM LVII. Common Metre.

*CHRIST coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, adorn'd with grace divine,  
 Ascends the judgment-throne;  
 Thro' heav'n's extended realms above,  
 He makes his glories known.
- 2 By his command the trumpet sounds,  
 And summons to his bar;  
 The piercing blast shakes heav'n around,  
 And thunders thro' the air.
- 3 The earth and seas his orders hear;  
 Unclos'd is ev'ry tomb;  
 Th' awaken'd world attend, and fear  
 His sentence, and their doom.
- 4 Before him see the world on fire!  
 The burning earth and seas,

With



With mingled ruin, soon expire,  
And sink before his face.

- 5 The saints, obedient to his call,  
With joy receive their crowns;  
The wicked into ruin fall,  
Beneath his wrathful frowns.
- 6 How shall I bear that awful day,  
And stand the solemn test?  
I give all sinful joys away,  
To be for ever blest.

PSALM LVIII. Long Metre.

*Joy in the Prospect of future Happiness.*

- 1 **T**HE hope of sinners lies below;  
'Tis all the happiness they know;  
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign;  
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand compleat in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show;  
But the bright world, to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God ;  
 And flesh and sense no more controul  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Then burst the chains, with glad surprize,  
 And in my SAVIOUR'S image rise.

## PSALM LIX. Common Metre.

*Heaven invisible and holy.*

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor sense, nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father hath prepar'd,  
 For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good spirit of the LORD  
 Reveals a heav'n to come ;  
 The beams of glory, in the word,  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the skies,  
 And all the region peace ;  
 No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,  
 Can see, or taste, the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
 None shall obtain admittance there,  
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

## P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

*The humble Worship of Heaven.*

1 **F**ATHER of all, we long to see  
 The place of thine abode;  
 We'll leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
 Up to thy seat, O God.

2 We'll part with all the joys of sense,  
 To view thine heav'nly throne;  
 Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence,  
 Unspeakable, unknown.

3 There at thy feet, with humble fear,  
 Th' adoring armies fall;  
 With joy they shrink to nothing there,  
 Before th' eternal all.

4 The more thy glories strike our eyes,  
 The humbler we shall lie;  
 Thus while we sink, our joys shall rise  
 Unmeasurably high.

## P S A L M LXI. Common Metre.

*Support under Trouble from the Hope of Heaven.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should foes against my peace engage,  
 And cruel darts be hurl'd;  
 Then I could smile at all their rage,  
 And face a frowning world.



- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall ;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
 In seas of heav'nly rest ;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

## P S A L M LXII. Long Metre.

*Desire of Heaven.*

- 1 **U**P to the heav'nly paradise,  
 Where purest streams of pleasure roll,  
 Fain would my nobler passions rise,  
 But earth and sense oppress my soul.
- 2 O might I once mount up, and see  
 The glories of th' eternal skies,  
 What little things these worlds would be !  
 How despicable to mine eyes !
- 3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;  
 Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,  
 As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,  
 I should perceive the noise no more  
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
 While rolling thunders round us roar.
- 5 Great All in All, Eternal King,  
 My soul aspires to see thy face ;

And

And all my pow'rs admire, and sing  
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

PSALM LXIII. Common Metre.

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis GOD's all-animating voice,  
Which calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victor's wreaths, and monarch's gems,  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,  
The glorious prize pursue;  
And meet with joy the high command,  
To bid this earth adieu.

PSALM LXIV. Common Metre.

*The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Perpetual

- Perpetual day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,  
While *Jordan* roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;  
And view the *Canaan* that we love,  
With unobscured eyes ;
- 6 Could we but stand, as *Moses* stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Nor *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## PSALM LXV. Long Metre.

*The eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thine house ;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Thine



- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With chearful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;  
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## PSALM LXVI. Common Metre.

*New Year's Day.*

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks compleat their rounds!  
How short the months appear!
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few which yet remain.
- 3 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
D d When

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And pleasures banish pain.
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And never-with'ring flow'rs ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
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Stand dress'd in living green ;  
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While *Jordan* roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;  
And view the *Canaan* that we love,  
With unbeclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but stand, as *Moses* stood,  
And view the landskip o'er ;  
Nor *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## PSALM LXV. Long Metre.

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On this thy day, in this thine house ;  
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Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few which yet remain.
- 3 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,

D d

When



When all that mortal life has done,  
God's judgments shall survey.

- 4 Awake, my soul; with utmost care,  
Thy true condition learn;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy chief concern.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his care depend;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt an happy end.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

*For a Fast Day in public Calamity.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,  
Before **JEHOVAH** stood,  
And, with an humble fervent prayer,  
For guilty *Sodom* sued;

- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crown'd!  
The **LORD** would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.

- 3 And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain?  
Good **GOD**! and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain?

- 4 *Britain*, all-guilty as she is,  
Her numerous saints can boast;  
See their united prayers ascend—  
And shall these prayers be lost?

5 Are

- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee  
 Now, as in ancient times?  
 Or does this sinful land exceed  
*Gomorrab* in her crimes?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name;  
 Here yet is thine abode;  
 Long has thy presence blest'd our land;  
 Forfake us not, O God!
- 7 O may our people, priests, and king,  
 Thy choicest blessings share;  
 And know thee by that glorious name,  
 "The God who heareth prayer."

## P S A L M LXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*For a Fast Day in War, Foreign and Domestic.*

- 1 **O** LORD of hosts, almighty king!  
 May we thy sacred glories sing,  
 And speak the wonders of thy name;  
 Earth is thy footstool, heaven thy throne,  
 Thine empire spreads thro' worlds unknown,  
 And all thy works thyself proclaim.
- 2 Scepters, and shields, and tottering crowns,  
 And kingdoms trembling at thy frowns,  
 Suspenceful wait their destiny;  
 The nations feel thy angry rod,  
 Guilty, confess the righteous God,  
 And own the hand that rules on high.
- 3 From heaven look down with pitying eyes;  
 The tyrants of the earth chastise;  
 And quell their furious lawless rage;

Cause the alarm of war to cease;  
 O bless the jarring world with peace,  
 And angry tumults soon assuage.

- 4 Crush the oppressor, right maintain,  
 All oppositions render vain;  
 Our armies, fleets, and allies bless:  
 Our councils guide, our sovereign guard,  
 Crown virtue with its due reward,  
 And give the righteous cause success.

PSALM LXIX. Common Metre.

*For a Fast Day in Time of War.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the loud trumpet of our God,  
 Sounds an alarm of war;  
 Attend, O earth! ye nations, hear,  
 And tremble from afar.
- 2 With humble reverence, and with awe,  
 We hear the sacred word;  
 And, trembling, own the sentence just,  
 Which dooms us to the sword.
- 3 Nor ev'n in war would we repine,  
 The murdering sword to view,  
 Might the same stroke, that wastes the land,  
 Destroy its vices too.
- 4 But we shall hail the happy day,  
 Which ends the painful doom;  
 When earth shall, like the world above,  
 In peace and virtue bloom.
- 5 Still let our songs declare his name,  
 Who guards the *British* race;

The



The God of vengeance we adore,  
And bleſs the God of grace.

PSALM LXX. Common Metre

*The Universal Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in every age,  
In every clime, ador'd,  
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
- 2 What conſcience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,  
That, more than heaven purſue.
- 3 What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not caſt away;  
For God is paid, when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.
- 4 Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan  
Thy goodneſs let me bound;  
Or think thee LORD alone of man,  
When thouſand worlds are round.
- 5 Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Preſume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.
- 6 If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to ſtay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.

- 7 Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom hath denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 8 Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others shew,  
That mercy shew to me.
- 9 This day be bread and peace my lot;—  
But all beneath the sun,  
Thou knowest if best bestow'd or not;  
And let thy will be done.
- 10 To thee whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all beings raise!  
All nature's incense rise.

## PSALM LXXI. Long Metro.

*Praise to GOD from all Nature.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with all her powers shall sing  
Gop the Creator and the King:  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known,  
Ye angels that surround his throne;  
Exalt your strains, and spread the sound  
To the creation's utmost bound.
- 3 All mortal things of meaner frame,  
Exert your force, and own his name;  
Whilst

- Whilst with your souls, and with our voice,  
 We sing his honours and our joys.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
 Attempts in vain to reach thy name;  
 The strongest notes that angels raise,  
 Faint in the worship and the praise.

## PSALM LXXII. Short Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all Nations.*

- 1 **Y**E nations, praise the LORD,  
 Each with a different tongue;  
 In every language learn his word,  
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 While angels sound his praise,  
 Let mortals learn their strains,  
 Let all the earth his honours raise;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Praise him with awe profound;  
 Let knowledge lead the song;  
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 Far be his honour spread;  
 And let his praise endure,  
 Till morning light and evening shade  
 Shall be exchang'd no more.
- 5 The God we worship now  
 Will guide us till we die;  
 Will be our God while here below,  
 And ours above the sky.

PSALM



## PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

*Sincere Praise.*

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!  
 How wondrous is thy name!  
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
 Thro' the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t' express  
 Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing  
 To her Creator too,  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days,  
 And to my God, my soul, ascend,  
 In grateful songs of praise.

## PSALM LXXIV. Proper Tune.

*Praise to GOD in Prosperity and Adversity.*

1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days;  
 Bounteous source of every joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these, my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise,

PAUSE.

- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the later rain;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy;
- 9 Yet to thee my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone.

E e

PSALM

## PSALM LXXV. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD in Life and Death.*

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,  
Thro' all my mortal days;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling happy hour,  
Be this my sweet employ;  
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care and deep distress,  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God;  
My life with all its active powers  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,  
When death shall close these eyes,  
Then shall my soul to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall her pow'rs in endless strains,  
Their grateful tribute pay;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.



## PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD through all the Changes of Life.*

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, GOD of love,  
 My Father, and my GOD;  
 I'll sing the honours of thy name,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost;  
 Thy various love surveys;  
 Where shall my grateful lips begin,  
 Or where conclude thy praise?

3 In every period of my life,  
 Thy thoughts of love appear;  
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene,  
 And crown each passing year.

4 In all these mercies may my soul  
 A father's bounty see;  
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
 Estrange my heart from thee.

5 Teach me in time of deep distress  
 To own thy hand, my GOD;  
 And in submissive silence hear  
 The lessons of thy rod.

6 In every varying mortal state,  
 Each bright, each gloomy scene,  
 Give me a meek and humble mind,  
 Still equal and serene.

7 Then will I close mine eyes in death,  
 Without one anxious fear,  
 For death itself is life, my GOD,  
 If thou art with me there.

PSALM

## PSALM LXXVII. Proper Tune.

*Praise to GOD by all Mankind.*

- 1 **O** COME all ye sons of Adam and raise  
A song unto God; how lovely his praise!  
Adore him, who reigns in his glory above,  
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love.
- 2 His breath is your life, your reason a ray  
Effus'd from his light to guide all your ways;  
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,  
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.
- 3 Dash down your false gods of silver and stone,  
Him worship who made earth and heaven alone;  
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive,  
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.
- 4 O Father of men, in mercy command  
Thy gospel to shine on all human land;  
That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,  
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

## PSALM LXXVIII. Short Metre.

*Christian Sons of GOD.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 It doth not yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our SAVIOUR here,  
We shall be like our head,

- 3 A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure,  
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
 As CHRIST the LORD is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love  
 I share a filial part,  
 Send down thy spirit like a dove  
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie  
 Like slaves beneath the throne;  
 My faith shall *Abba* Father cry,  
 And thou the kindred own,

## PSALM LXXIX. Common Metre.

*For Easter Sunday.*

- 1 JESUS, the friend of human kind,  
 With strong compassion mov'd,  
 Descending like a pitying God,  
 To save the souls he lov'd,
- 2 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain  
 To bind his soul in death;  
 He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
 With his expiring breath.
- 3 Not long the toils of hell could keep  
 The hope of JUDAH's line;  
 Corruption never could take hold  
 On aught so much divine.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels  
 Ascend the lofty skies;  
 While broke, beneath his powerful cross,  
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 Exalted



- 5 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And LORD of all below,  
Thro' him is pardoning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.
- 6 And still for erring, guilty man,  
A brother's pity flows;  
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd  
With memory of our woes.
- 7 To thee, my SAVIOUR, and my King,  
Glad homage let me give;  
And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
With thee that I may live.

PSALM LXXX. Proper Tune.

*For Easter Sunday.*

- 1 **A**NGEL! roll the rock away;  
Hallelujah \*!  
Death yield up thy mighty prey;  
See he rises from the tomb;  
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the SAVIOUR, angels, raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise,  
Let the world's remotest bound  
Here the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song  
Let the strains be sweet and strong;  
Shout the Son of GOD, this morn  
From his sepulchre new born.

4 Hail

\* Hallelujah to be repeated after every line.

- 4 Hail, victorious JESUS, hail;  
On thy cloud of glory sail  
In long triumph thro' the sky  
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 5 Heaven displays her portals wide,  
Glorious hero thro' them ride;  
King of glory mount the throne,  
Thy great Father's, and thy own.
- 6 Powers of heaven, seraphic fires  
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres;  
Sons of men, in humble strain,  
Sing your mighty SAVIOUR's reign.
- 7 Every note with wonder swell;  
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!  
Where is hell's once dreaded king?  
Where O death, thy mortal sting?

## PSALM LXXXI. Common Metre.

*The Divine Presence the good Man's Consolation.*

- 1 **T**O thee my GOD, my days are known;  
My soul enjoys the thought;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene  
Thy mercy shall approve;

And

- And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Strip'd of its little earthly all  
My soul in smiles shall go ;  
And in a heavenly heritage,  
It's father's bounty know.

## PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

*The Equity of the Divine Dispensations.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, who can complain  
Under thy mild and equal reign ?  
Who does a weight of duty share  
More than his aids and powers can bear ?
- 2 With differing climes and differing lands,  
With fruitful plains and barren sands,  
Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,  
And fet each nation in its bound.
- 3 With like variety thy ray  
Here sheds a full, there fainter day ;  
While all are in their measure shew'd  
The way to happiness and God.



- 4 O the unbounding grace which brought  
 To us the words by JESUS taught!  
 So blest'd and with such hopes inspir'd,  
 How much is given, how much requir'd!

## PSALM LXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Worldly Anxiety reproved.*

- 1 **W**HY do I thus perplex  
 My life, a breath of air,  
 With fears of distant ills, and vex  
 My heart with fruitless care?
- 2 Can thought and toil increase  
 My days appointed sum?  
 Why waste I then my time, my peace,  
 To hoard for years to come?
- 3 These covetous desires,  
 These restless cares I leave  
 To them whose hope at death expires,  
 And who in chance believe.
- 4 Will he whose bounty gave  
 My life, its food deny?  
 Who form'd my nature apt to crave,  
 Its cravings not supply?
- 5 Behold the flowers that grow,  
 That for the furnace stand,  
 With what rich dies their garments glow  
 Without the labouring hand.
- 6 The tribes that wing the sky,  
 That neither sow nor reap,

F f

Send

Send up to God their daily cry,  
Who gives them food and sleep.

7 Then, let to-morrow's cares  
Until to-morrow stay :

The trouble which to-day prepares,  
Suffices for to-day.

8 To nobler work applied  
My soul shall upwards climb ;  
And trust my Father to provide  
The needful things of time.

PSALM LXXXIV. Common Metre

*The LORD'S Prayer imitated.*

1 **F**ATHER of all ! eternal mind !  
Immensely good and great !  
Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,  
Approach thy heavenly seat.

2 Thy name in hallowed strains be sung !  
We join the solemn praise :  
To thy great name with heart and tongue,  
Our chearful homage raise.

3 As angels round thy seat above,  
Thy blest commands fulfil ;  
So may thy creatures here below  
Perform thy heavenly will.

4 On thee we day by day depend,  
Our daily wants supply :  
And feed with truth and virtue pure,  
Our souls which never die.

5 Extend

- 5 Extend thy grace to every fault,  
 Oh! let thy love forgive:  
 Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
 Nor let resentments live.
- 6 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,  
 Permit us not to tread:  
 Avert the threatening evil near,  
 From our unguarded head.
- 7 Thy sacred name we thus adore,  
 With joyful humble mind:  
 And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,  
 Eternal, unconfined.

## PSALM LXXXV. Long Metre.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The chearful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of his race begins,  
 And without weariness or rest  
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will  
 March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,  
 If God, my sun, should disappear,  
 And



- And leave me in the world's wide maze  
 To follow every wandering star.
- 5 LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,  
 Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;  
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to thy bliss;  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

PSALM LXXXVI. Long Metre.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I perhaps am near my home;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Peace is the pillow for my head;  
 His ever-watchful eye shall keep  
 Its constant guard around my head.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus

- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

PSALM LXXXVI. Long Metre.

*The Beatitudes.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty;  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
From heaven the streams of mercy flow,  
A healing balm for all their woe.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness;  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love;  
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling powers of sin;

With

With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife;  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

PSALM LXXXVII. Common Metre.

*The Advantages of early Religion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose early years  
Receive instruction well:  
Who hates the sinners path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin  
To fear the LORD betimes;  
While sinners that grow old in sin  
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.

PSALM



## PSALM LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Inconstancy in Religion.*

- 1 **P**ERPETUAL source of light and grace,  
We hail thy sacred name:  
Thro' every year's revolving round  
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all-worthless as we are,  
Its wondrous mercy pours;  
Sure as the heaven's established course,  
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
And treach'rous vows renew;  
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,  
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy grace,  
To bear our feeble footsteps on  
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with thine energy divine  
Our souls shall stedfast move,  
And with increasing transports press  
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy power the morning sun  
Pursues his radiant way,  
Brightens each moment in his race,  
And shines to perfect day.

## PSALM LXXXIX. Long Metre.

*Justice.*

- 1 **M**Y soul abjure th' unhappy throng,  
Whose prosp'ring wealth increases fast  
By fraud, by violence, and wrong,  
Still thriving for the thunder's blast.
- 2 If high or low my station be,  
Of noble, or ignoble name,  
By uncorrupted honesty  
Thy blessing, LORD, I'd humbly claim.
- 3 Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,  
Thy providence shall be my trust;  
Thou wilt provide my portion here,  
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 4 O may I with sincere delight  
To all the task of duty pay;  
Tender of every social right,  
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 5 Such virtue thou wilt not forget  
In worlds where every virtue shares  
A fit reward, tho' not of debt,  
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

## PSALM XC. Common Metre.

*Equity.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways, and try,  
Have they been just and right;  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?

What

- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,  
Have we still done the same?  
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
Nor injur'd his good name?
- 3 Do we relieve the poor distress'd?  
Nor give our tongues a loose,  
To make their names our scorn and jest,  
Nor treat them with abuse?
- 4 Have we not found our envy grow,  
To hear another's praise?  
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,  
By sly malicious ways?
- 5 In all we sell, and all we buy,  
Is justice our design?  
Do we remember God is nigh,  
And fear the wrath divine?
- 6 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,  
And boast his name in vain,  
If we can slight the laws of God,  
And prove unjust to men.

## PSALM XCI. Common Metre.

*Prudence.*

- 1 **O** 'Tis a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin  
In little angry souls;

G g

Mark



Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise :  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;  
Good works employ their day;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,  
Such pleasures he pursu'd;  
His manners gentle and refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

*Fidelity.*

1 **L**ET those who bear the christian name  
Their holy vows fulfil;  
The saints, the followers of the lamb,  
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
Though to their hurt they swear;  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For GOD and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flattering words devise:  
They know the GOD of truth can see  
Through every false disguise.

4 They

- 4 They hate the appearance of a lie,  
In all the shapes it wears;  
Firm to the truth; and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

PSALM XCIII. Common Metre.

*Christian Charity.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD where breathing love divine  
Our dying master stands!  
His weeping followers gathering round  
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell!  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its author well.
- 3 "Bless'd is the man, whose softening heart  
"Feels all another's pain;  
"To whom the supplicating eye  
"Was never rais'd in vain:
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
"A stranger's woes to feel;  
"And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
"He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind supporting arms  
"To every child of grief;  
"His secret bounty largely flows,  
"And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love  
"His feet are never slow;  
"He

- " He views thro' mercy's melting eye,  
 " A brother in a foe.  
 7 " Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 " My peace to him I give;  
 " And when he kneels before the throne,  
 " His trembling soul shall live,  
 8 " To him protection shall be shewn;  
 " And mercy from above  
 " Descend on those who thus fulfil  
 " The perfect law of love."

## PSALM XCIV. Short Metre.

*Mercy.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,  
 A fellow-mortal mourns:  
 My eyes with tears of pity flow,  
 My heart his sighs returns.  
 2 I hear the thirsty cry,  
 The famish'd beg for bread:  
 O let my spring its stream supply,  
 My hand its bounty shed.  
 3 Lo, the poor debtor sues  
 Pale at the penal threat,  
 A starving family he shews;  
 I cancel all the debt.  
 4 And shall not wrath relent,  
 Touch'd by that humble strain,  
 My brother crying, " I repent,  
 " Nor will offend again?"

How



- 5 How else, on sprightly wing,  
Can hope bear high my prayer  
Up to thy throne, my God, my king,  
To plead for pardon there?
- 6 The pitiful and kind  
Thy pity will repay;  
With thee shall the forgiving find  
A sweet forgiving day.
- 7 But justice lifts her scale  
And shakes her rod on high;  
Nor prayers, nor sighs; nor tears avail  
The sons of cruelty.

## PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

*The Right and Duty of private Judgment.*

- 1 **I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads a curious eye;  
Thy doctrines, LORD, the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 LORD, to thy word we bring  
A meek, enquiring mind;  
And, joyful, at salvation's spring  
Refreshing truth we find.
- 3 With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 O LORD, our spirit lead,  
With soundest knowledge fill;

From

From noxious error guard our creed,  
From prejudice our will.

- 5 The truth once learn'd impress  
With favour on our heart;  
And help us firmly to profess  
'Gainst all seducing art.

PSALM XCVI. Long Metre.

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel-armour on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where JESUS thy great captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist the course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
Thy SAVIOUR nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in thy glorious leader's praise.

PSALM

## PSALM XCVII. Short Metre.

*The Changes of Human Life appointed by GOD.*

- 1 **A**S various as the moon  
Is man's estate below;  
To his bright day of gladness soon  
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns  
Its darkness and its grief;  
Again the moon of comfort shines,  
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance  
Is man's condition given:  
His dark and prosp'ring hours advance  
By the fix'd laws of heaven.
- 4 GOD measures unto all  
Their lot of good and ill;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
Ordain'd by wisest will.
- 5 Let man conform his mind  
To every changing state;  
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd  
Nor vainly strive with fate.
- 6 Hopeful and humble bear  
Thy evil and thy good:  
Nor by presumption, nor despair,  
Weak mortals, be subdu'd.

PSALM



## PSALM XCVIII. Long Metre.

*Our Lives in the Hand of GOD.*

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,  
Lo! mortal men by thousands die!  
One glance from thee at once brings down  
The proudest brow, that wears the crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight  
To the dark grave's unchanging night,  
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet,  
Accents familiar once, and sweet:  
No more the well-known features trace,  
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my father's faithful hand  
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,  
My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
And follow where he leads the way.
- 5 He nobler friends, than here I leave,  
In brighter surer worlds can give;  
Or by the beamings of his eye  
A lost creation well supply.

## PSALM XCIX. Short Metre.

*Support in Death.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,  
Which thou, my soul, must tread,  
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,  
That leads thee to the dead

2 Ye

- 2 Ye pleasing scenes adieu,  
Which I so long have known:  
My friends, a long farewell to you,  
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,  
Long partner of my cares,  
In this rough path art torn away  
With agony and tears.
- 4 But see a ray of light,  
With splendours all divine,  
Breaks thro' those doleful realms of night,  
And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death and darkness reigns,  
JEHOVAH is my stay:  
His rod my trembling feet sustains,  
His staff defends my way.
- 6 Kind shepherd lead me on;  
My soul disdains to fear;  
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,  
Since life's great LORD is near.

## PSALM C. Long Metre.

*Humility.*

- 1 **W**AS pride, alas, e'er made for man,  
Blind, erring, guilty creature he;  
His birth so mean, his life a span,  
His wisdom less than vanity?
- 2 Tho' wealth and power with dazzling rays  
And pageant state this nothing dress;

H h

On

- On the fair idol shall we gaze,  
And envy that as happiness.
- 3 JESUS, by thy instruction taught,  
Our foolish passions are repress'd:  
We blush at our misguided thought,  
And see and call the humble blest'd.
- 4 To know ourselves, to learn of thee,  
And bend our necks beneath the throne;  
Thus dictates wise humility,  
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.

## PSALM CI. Long Metre.

*The Presence of GOD our Joy and Support.*

- 1 **A**S the good shepherd gently leads  
His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,  
Amidst the flow'ry landscapes flow.
- 2 So GOD, the guardian of my soul,  
Does all my erring steps controul;  
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,  
He leads me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Tho' I should journey thro' the plains,  
Where death in all its horror reigns;  
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,  
For thou, O LORD, art with me there.
- 4 By thee with peace and plenty blest'd,  
My life is one continued feast;  
Thy ever-watchful providence  
Is my support and my defence.



- 5 O bounteous God! my future days  
 Shall be devoted to thy praise;  
 And in thy house thy sacred name  
 And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

## PSALM CII. Common Metre.

*In a Time of Sickness.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
 Behold the pains I feel;  
 But I am dumb before throne,  
 Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Afflictions are thy servants, LORD,  
 They come at thy command;  
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring word  
 Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,  
 Remove thy sharp rebukes;  
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
 Thro' thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth, beneath thy hand,  
 We moulder to the dust;  
 Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,  
 As all my fathers were;  
 May I be well prepar'd to go,  
 When I thy summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while,  
 Before my last remove,  
 Thy praise shall be my business still,  
 And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM

## PSALM CIII. Proper Metre.

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;  
 How few his hours! how short his span!  
 Short from the cradle to the grave:  
 Who can secure his vital breath  
 Against the bold arrests of death,  
 With skill to flee, or pow'r to save?
- 2 **L**ORD, shall it be for ever said,  
 The race of man was only made  
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust!  
 Are not thy servants day by day  
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?  
 LORD where's thy kindness to the just?
- 3 **H**ast thou not promis'd to thy son  
 And all his seed a heavenly crown?  
 But flesh and sense indulge despair;  
 For ever blessed be the LORD,  
 That faith can read his holy word,  
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 **F**or ever blessed be the LORD,  
 Who gives his saints a large reward  
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain:  
 Let all below, and all above,  
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
 And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM CIV. Common Metre.

*Breathing after Heaven.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return!  
Earth is a tiresome place;  
How long shall we thy children mourn  
Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease;  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys encrease.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work compleat;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,  
In all thy goodness, LORD;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM CV. Short Metre.

*The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame!  
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! the brittle clay  
That built our body first!  
And every month and every day  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our



- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days,  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

## PSALM CVI. Long Metre

*Health, Sicknefs, and Recovery.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thy arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;  
Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God;  
"What can'st thou profit by my blood?"  
"Deep in the dust can I declare  
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I said,  
"Nor let me sink among the dead:"

Thy

- Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,  
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,  
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now;  
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;  
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,  
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

## PSALM CVII. Long Metre.

*Storm and Thunder.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the LORD renown and power;  
 Ascribe due honours to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The LORD proclaims his power aloud  
 Over the ocean and the land;  
 His voice divides the watery cloud,  
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,  
 Lay the wide forest bare around;  
 The fearful hart and frighted hind  
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 The LORD sits sovereign on the flood;  
 The thunderer reigns for ever king;  
 But makes his church his blest abode,  
 Where we his awful glories sing.

- 5 In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsel of his grace imparts;  
Amidst the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

*The good Man's Resolution.*

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay my God my vows;  
Thy grace and justice, heavenly king,  
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thy eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong  
By falshood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the scandalous tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy;  
These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit  
I'll not endure a night;  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee;

So



So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CIX. Long Metre.

*The Mutability of the Creation.*

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame!  
Our souls adore thy awful name;  
And bow and tremble while they praise  
The ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Our days a transient period run,  
And change with every circling sun;  
And in the firmest state we boast  
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 3 But let the creatures fall around;  
Let death consign us to the ground;  
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies.
- 4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see;  
While grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

*The Love of God the greatest Blessing.*

- 1 **I**F GOD to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain;  
And towns without his watchful eye  
An useless watch maintain.

- 2 Before the morning beams arise,  
Your painful work renew,  
And till the stars ascend the skies  
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;  
In vain, till God hath blest;  
But if his smiles attend your care,  
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,  
Shall real blessings prove,  
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,  
If sent without his love.

## PSALM CXI. Long Metre.

*God the Protector of good Men.*

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing scene,  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;  
Thro' every age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our fathers place;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Thro' all the thorny paths we trace  
In this uncertain wilderness,

When

- When friends desert and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we shall dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our sep'rate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave;  
Them may their fathers God receive;  
That voices yet unform'd may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

## PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

*The Ways of the Upright known to God.*

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my days are known;  
My soul enjoys the thought;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thy ear;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thy eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve,  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays,  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom,  
A present God surveys.



- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,  
 And in thy view I die;  
 And when each mortal bond is broke,  
 Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Strip'd of its little earthly all,  
 My soul in smiles shall go;  
 And in a heavenly heritage  
 Its father's bounty know.

PSALM CXIII. Common Metre.

*God's Condescension in his tender Care of Mankind.*

- 1 **A**ND will the majesty of heaven  
 Accept us for his sheep?  
 And with a shepherd's tender care  
 Such worthless creatures keep?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms  
 Round our defenceless head?  
 And cause us gently to lie down  
 In his refreshing shade.
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls  
 To that delightful scene,  
 Where rivers of salvation flow  
 Thro' pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortal men repay  
 For favours great as thine?  
 Or how can tongues of feeble clay  
 Proclaim such love divine?
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we!  
 How richly gracious thou!  
 Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,  
 In silent transports bow.

PSALM

## PSALM CXIV. Short Metre.

*God's Care of those who trust in him.*

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come cast your burdens on the LORD,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 While providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly father's throne.  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approv'd  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

## PSALM CXV. Common Metre.

*Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, LORD;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My memory can retain!

3 Thou

- 3 Thou great Almighty, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne!
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hopes of joys above!  
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy quickening power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

PSALM CXVI. Common Metre.

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake when death draws nigh?  
The messenger which Jesus sends  
To call them to the sky.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?

'Twas



- 'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And shew'd our feet the way;  
Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints ascend the skies.

## PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

*The Conquest of Death and Grief by Views of the  
heavenly State.*

- 1 **L**IFT up, ye faints, your weeping eyes,  
Suspend your sorrows and your sighs;  
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,  
Which JESUS dictates to your tongues.
- 2 Thus saith the SAVIOUR from his throne,  
"Behold all former things are gone,  
"Past like an anxious dream away,  
"Chas'd by the golden beams of day.
- 3 "See in celestial pomp array'd,  
"A new-created world display'd;  
"Mark with what light its prospects shine!  
"How grand, how various, how divine!

4 "There

- 4 " There my own gentle hand shall dry,  
 " Each tear from each o'erflowing eye;  
 " For ever there my people dwell,  
 " Beyond the rage of death and hell."
- 5 Vain king of terrors, boast no more  
 Thy antient wide-extended power;  
 Each saint in life with CHRIST his head  
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

## PSALM CXVIII. Common Metre.

*A Thought of Death and Glory.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
 And think how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this house of clay,  
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, my eyes, look down and view  
 The hollow gaping tomb;  
 This gloomy prison waits for you,  
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O could we die with those that die,  
 And place us in their stead;  
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
 And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above  
 In their own glorious forms,  
 And wonder why our souls should love  
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 We should, almost, forsake our clay  
 Before the summons come,

And

And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

PSALM CXIX. Short Metre.

*The Death of Friends improved.*

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls  
That bears us to the sea:  
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they call'd their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honour gone?
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,  
Must all the children dwell;  
Nor other heritage possess  
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting friend;  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them in the land of light  
We dwell before thy face.



## PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

*Life to be improved.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound,  
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
 My tongue shall speak his praise;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
 Since the last setting sun;  
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run!
- 5 Good God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light;  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasing night.

## PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

*Salvation by divine Grace.*

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,  
 Be everlasting honours given;  
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.

- 2 Not for their duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He gave the gospel to mankind,  
To form a people for his praise.
- 3 JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 4 He dies; and in that dreadful night  
Did all the powers of hell destroy;  
Rising he brought our heaven to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

## PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

*The final Happiness of the Righteous.*

- 1 **A**TTEND my ear, my heart rejoice;  
While Jesus from his throne,  
Amidst the bright angelic hosts,  
Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When sinners, banish'd from his face,  
To raging flames are driven;  
His voice with melody divine,  
Thus calls his saints to heaven.
- 3 "Blest of my father, all draw near,  
"Receive the large reward;  
"And rise with triumph to possess  
"The kingdom long prepar'd.
- 4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,  
"This sovereign purpose wrought,  
"And

" And rear'd those palaces divine

" To which you now are brought;

5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,

" Protected by my power;

" While sin and hell, and pains and cares,

" Shall vex your souls no more."

6 May CHRIST our glorious Saviour come,

This jubilee proclaim,

And teach us accents fit to praise

So great, so dear a name.

### PSALM CXXIII. Long Metre.

#### *The Dissolution of the present World.*

1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things;  
See this vain world in smoke decay,  
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll  
Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole;  
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host!

3 This wreck of nature all around,  
The angels shout, the trumpets sound,  
Loud the descending judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear  
With rev'rence round his awful bar;  
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless bliss or hopeless woe.

5 LORD,



- 5 LORD, to my eyes this scene display,  
Frequent thro' each revolving day,  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there!

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre,

*Saints glorified.*

- 1 **T**HESE glorious minds, how bright they  
Whence all their white array? [shine!  
How came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Patient they suffer'd for the LORD,  
And did the will of God;  
Thus they secur'd their maker's love,  
And gain'd his bless'd abode.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his throne;  
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,  
Adore the holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face  
Amongst his saints reside;  
While the rich treasures of his grace  
Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
And hunger flee as fast;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
Where living fountains rise;

And

And love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

*The Resurrection of CHRIST.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning  
Beheld our rising LORD; [rays  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our head in vain;  
The sleeping conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, O blessed LORD,  
We sacred honours pay,  
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim  
The triumphs of the day.
- 3 Salvation, and immortal praise  
To our victorious king;  
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,  
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

## PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

*The Ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Redeemer rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes!
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our JESUS fills a glorious seat,  
In his great Father's throne.
- 5 Raise your thanksgivings, mortal tongues,  
For endless life restor'd;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our exalted LORD.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heaven and all created things  
Sound our Redeemer's praise.



## PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

*The Importance of early Piety.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eye  
The sons of men survey,  
And see how youthful sinners sport  
In a destructive way!
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,  
To bear them to the tomb;  
Each in an hour may plunge them down,  
Where hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O LORD, their wandring minds,  
Amus'd with airy dreams;  
That heavenly wisdom may dispel  
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,  
And be thy word their guide?  
Till each the desert safely pass'd,  
On Zion's hill abide.

## PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Joy and Prosperity from the Blessing of God.*

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls eternal God,  
With rays of favour shine!  
O let thy mercy crown our days,  
And all their round be thine!
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With

- 3 With thee let every week begin;  
 With thee each day be spent;  
 For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus chear us thro' life's various scenes  
 Till all our labours cease;  
 And heaven refresh our weary souls  
 With everlasting peace.

PSALM CXXIX. Short Metre.

*The Mercies of GOD leading to Repentance.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
 And these the thanks we owe,  
 Thus to abuse eternal love,  
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 On us he bids the sun  
 Shed his reviving rays;  
 For us the skies their circles run  
 To lengthen out our days.
- 3 The brutes obey their God,  
 And bow their necks to men;  
 But we more base, more brutish things,  
 Reject his easy reign.
- 4 Let past ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes,  
 And hourly as new mercies flow,  
 Let hourly thanks arise.

## PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

*The Christian's Vow or Resolution.*

- 1 **O** God, by whose all-bounteous hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who' thro' the changing scenes of life  
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer,  
And in thy kind and faithful hand,  
We leave each earthly care.
- 3 If thou thro' each perplexing path,  
Wilt be our constant guide;  
If thou wilt daily bread supply,  
And raiment wilt provide;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,  
Till all our dangers cease,  
And grant that in thy lov'd abode  
Our souls shall rest in peace.
- 5 To thee, our Father, and our God,  
We'll our whole selves resign,  
And count that not our life alone,  
But all we have is thine.

THE END.

THE



THE  
SUBJECTS  
OF THE  
PSALMS

Contained in the preceding COLLECTION.

N. B. *The first Number refers to the Part, the second to the Psalm.*

*First general Division.*

PSALMS OF PRAISE TO GOD.

**G**OD the proper object of praise. Part II. Psalm I.

Praise due to God, not to idols. I. 135.

An exhortation to praise God. I. 105, 150.

I. The PERFECTIONS of GOD.

God eternal. II. 2.

God infinite and omniscient. I. 139. II. 3.

God unchangeable. I. 102. II. 4.

The one living and true God. I. 86. II. 5.

The greatness of God. I. 104, 114, 145. Sect. 1. II. 6.

The power and majesty of God. I. 29, 89. Sect. 2. II. 7.

The holiness of God. I. 9, 97, 99.

The faithfulness of God. I. 89. Sect. 1. II. 8.

The

The goodness of God. I. 145. *Seet.* 2. 146. II. 9, 10.

The mercy of God. I. 103, 130. II. 11.

The compassion of God. I. 145. *Seet.* 3. II. 12.

God incomprehensible. II. 13.

God exalted above men. II. 14.

*The Perfections of God celebrated.* II. 15.

## II. Relative CHARACTERS of the DEITY.

*God the Creator.* II. 16.

God known by his works. I. 111. II. 17.

All creatures called upon to praise God. I. 148. II. 18, 19.

Praise to God from the material creation. II. 20.

The God of nature worshipped. II. 21.

Praise to God from the heavenly bodies. II. 22.

*GOD the creator and governor of the world.* II. 23.

The eternal and sovereign God. II. 24.

The eternal dominion of God. I. 93. II. 25.

The supreme dominion of God. I. 66, 96. II. 26.

*GOD the creator and preserver of all things.* I. 33.

*Seet.* 1. 95, 136. II. 27.

The universal providence of God. II. 28.

The constant providence of God. I. 65, 147. II. 29, 30.

The providential goodness of God. II. 31.

*God the maker, preserver, and friend of men.* I. 8, 139.

*Seet.* 2. II. 32.

God the preserver of our frail bodies. II. 33.

God our constant preserver. II. 34.

God our protector. I. 33. *Seet.* 2. II. 35.

Preservation by day and night. I. 121.

The daily goodness of God. II. 36.

Our short lives crowned with divine goodness. I. 70.

II. 37.

God our constant benefactor. II. 38.

God

God our Shepherd. I. 23.  
God our present support and future portion. I. 73.  
God acknowledged in our enjoyments. II. 39.  
*GOD peculiarly the friend of good men.* I. 36, 106. II. 40.  
God the guardian of the righteous. I. 46, 91.  
God the guide of his servants. I. 25.  
God the support of good men under afflictions. I. 61, 125.  
*The perfections and providence of God.* II. 41.

### III. The Blessings of REVELATION.

Temporal and spiritual mercies. II. 42.  
The holy scriptures. I. 19. II. 43.  
The knowledge of God. II. 44.  
The mission of *Christ*. II. 45.  
The love of God displayed by *Christ*. II. 46.  
The hope of pardon by *Christ*. II. 47.  
Divine assistance. II. 48.  
Hope of a resurrection. II. 49.  
Hope of future happiness. II. 50, 51.  
*Personal mercies thankfully acknowledged.* II. 52.

### IV. Particular OCCASIONS.

Remarkable personal deliverances. I. 34, 116.  
Deliverance at sea. I. 107. II. 53.  
New Year's Day. II. 54.  
Morning and evening. II. 55, 56.  
National deliverance. II. 57.  
Victory over public enemies. II. 58.  
Fifth of *November*. I. 124. II. 59.  
The blessings of civil government. II. 60.  
A general national thanksgiving. II. 61.

### V. General FORMS of PRAISE.

Praise to God from men. I. 117. II. 62.  
Praise to God from angels. II. 63.

Praise



- Praise to God on the Lord's Day. II. 64.  
 Praise to God in his house. II. 65.  
 Universal and sincere praise. II. 66.  
 Praise to God thro' the whole of our existence. II. 67.  
 Praise to God. I. 57, 108. II. 68.  
 Our praises not profitable to God. II. 69.  
 God exalted above all praise. II. 70.

### Second general Division.

## PSALMS ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

### I. CHRISTIANITY.

- A prophecy of the *Messiah's* kingdom. I. 2.  
 The coming of the *Messiah*. III. 1.  
*Hosannah* to *Jesus Christ*. III. 2.  
 The birth of *Christ*. III. 3, 4.  
 The obedience of *Christ*. I. 40.  
 The example of *Christ*. III. 5.  
 The sufferings of *Christ*. I. 22.  
*Christ's* death, victory, and dominion. III. 6.  
 Praise to *Christ* the Lamb of God. III. 7.  
 The resurrection of *Christ*. I. 118. III. 8.  
*Christ* seen of *Angels*. III. 9.  
 The mission of the *Holy Spirit*. III. 10.  
 The intercession and compassion of *Christ*. III. 11.  
 The offices of *Christ*. III. 12.  
*Christ* the king of his Church. I. 45, 72, 110.  
 The excellence of the *Christian Religion*. III. 13.  
 The excellence and success of the Gospel. III. 14.  
 The happiness of Christians. III. 15.  
 Children devoted to God in *Baptism*. III. 16.  
 The *Communion*. III. 17.  
 Remembrance of *Christ*. III. 18.  
 The new Covenant sealed. III. 19.  
 The Memorial of our absent Lord. III. 20.

Glorying

Glorying in the Cross of *Christ*. III. 21.  
 The Christian's Character and Prospects. III. 22.

## II. VIRTUE.

VIRTUE the Source of Peace. III. 23.  
 The Way and End of the Righteous. I. 1, 37.  
 Holiness the Foundation of Happiness. I. 119. *Sect.* 1.  
 The Pleasures of a good Conscience. III. 24.  
 Integrity and Piety the Support of good Men. I. 4.  
 III. 25.

Obedience better than Sacrifice. I. 50. *Sect.* 2.

Desire of Holiness. I. 119. *Sect.* 4.

Sincerity and Perseverance. I. 119. *Sect.* 5.

*Repentance*. I. 32, 51.

The Duties of *Piety*. III. 26.

Contemplation of the divine Works. III. 27.

Regard to the Word of God. I. 119. *Sect.* 2, 6.

Seeking divine Instruction. I. 119. *Sect.* 3.

Confidence in divine Providence. III. 28, 29, 30.

The Providence of God recorded to Posterity. I. 78.

Seeking the Favour of God. III. 31.

Love to God. III. 32.

Submission under Afflictions. III. 33.

Trust in God under Trouble. I. 27, 61, 62.

Confidence in the Promises of God. III. 34.

Joy in God. I. 16. III. 35.

Acceptable Worship. I. 15, 24. III. 36.

The Lord's-Day Morning. I. 5, 63, 92. III. 37.

The Pleasures of Public Devotion. I. 84, 122. III. 38.

The Blessing of God desired in his House. I. 132.

Daily Devotion. I. 55, 134.

Family Devotion. III. 39.

Secret Devotion. III. 40.

Religion vain without *Love*. III. 41.

The Excellence of Love. III. 42.

Love to all Mankind. III. 43.

Charity

Charity to the Poor. I. 112.  
Brotherly Love. I. 133.  
Domestic Love and Happiness. I. 128. III. 44.  
Love to Enemies. III. 45.

*Personal Virtues.* III. 46.

Contentment. III. 47.

Humility and Patience. I. 131.

### III. HUMAN LIFE.

The Temptations of human Life. III. 48.

Life the only Season of Preparation for Eternity. III. 49.

The Frailty and Importance of human Life. III. 50.

### IV. DEATH.

Comfort in Sickness and Death. III. 51.

A Funeral Thought. III. 52.

The Vanity of Man as mortal. I. 39, 90.

Death the Way whence we shall not return. III. 53.

Death and Eternity. III. 54.

The Happiness of the dying Christian. III. 55.

### V. RESURRECTION.

A prospect of the Resurrection. III. 56.

### VI. JUDGMENT.

The last Judgment. I. 50. *See* I. 1.

Christ coming to Judgment. III. 57.

### VII. HEAVEN.

Joy in the prospect of future Happiness. III. 58.

Heaven invisible and holy. III. 59.

The humble Worship of Heaven. III. 60.

Support under trouble from the hope of Heaven. III. 61.

Desire of Heaven. III. 62.

The Christian Race. III. 63.



The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death. III. 64.  
The eternal Sabbath. III. 65.

### VIII. PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

New Year's Day. III. 66.  
Fast day in public calamity. III. 67.  
Fast day in war. I. 60. III. 68, 69.  
*The Universal Prayer.* III. 70.

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### APPENDIX TO THE SUBJECTS.

PRAISE to God from all nature. III. 71.  
Praise to God from all nations. III. 72.  
Sincere praise. III. 73.  
Praise to God in prosperity and adversity. III. 74.  
Praise to God in life and death. III. 75.  
Praise to God through all the changes of life. III. 76.  
Praise to God by all mankind. III. 77.  
Christian sons of God. III. 78.  
For Easter Sunday. III. 79.  
For Easter Sunday. III. 80.  
The equity of the divine dispensations. III. 82.  
Worldly anxiety reprov'd. III. 83.  
The Lord's Prayer imitated. III. 84.  
A morning hymn. III. 85.  
An evening hymn. III. 86.  
The Beatitudes. III. 86.  
The advantages of early religion. III. 87.  
Inconstancy in religion. III. 88.  
Justice. III. 89.  
Equity. III. 90.  
Prudence. III. 91.  
Fidelity. III. 92.  
Christian charity. III. 93.  
Mercy. III. 94.

- The right and duty of private judgment. III. 95.  
 The christian warfare. III. 96.  
 The changes of human life appointed by God. III. 97.  
 Our lives in the hand of God. III. 98.  
 Support in death. III. 99.  
 Humility. III. 100.  
 The presence of God our joy and support. III. 101.  
 In a time of sickness. III. 102.  
 Breathing after heaven. III. 104.  
 The frailty and shortness of life. III. 105.  
 Health, sickness, and recovery. III. 106.  
 Storm and thunder. III. 107.  
 The good man's resolution. III. 108.  
 The mutability of the creation. III. 109.  
 The love of God the greatest blessing. III. 110.  
 God the protector of good men. III. 111.  
 The ways of the upright known to God. III. 112.  
 God's condescension in his tender care of mankind. III.  
 113.  
 God's care of those who trust in him. III. 114.  
 Unfruitfulness under gospel privileges. III. 115.  
 The death and burial of a saint. III. 116.  
 The conquest of death and grief by views of the heavenly  
 state. III. 117.  
 A thought of death and glory. III. 118.  
 The death of friends improved. III. 119.  
 Life to be improved. III. 120.  
 Salvation by divine grace. III. 121.  
 The final happiness of the righteous. III. 122.  
 The dissolution of the present world. III. 123.  
 Saints glorified. III. 124.  
 The resurrection of *Christ*. III. 125.  
 The ascension of *Christ*. III. 126.  
 The importance of early piety. III. 127.  
 Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God. III. 128.  
 The mercies of God leading to repentance. III. 129.  
 The christian's vow or resolution. III. 130.

# ALPHABETICAL TABLE

OF

## FIRST LINES.

	Page.
<b>A</b>	
ALMIGHTY maker, God	216
Among the princes, earthly Gods	43
Angel! roll the rock away	222
And will the majesty of heav'n	252
Arise, O king of grace, arise	79
Arise, and hail the happy day	159
As the good shepherd gently leads	242
As various as the moon	239
Attend my ear, my heart rejoice	259
At thy command, O gracious Lord	173
Attend, O earth, the fix'd decree	4
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue	55
Awake, my soul, rouse ev'ry pow'r	193
Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve	207
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes	138
Awake, ye saints, to praise your king	81
<b>B</b>	
Be thou exalted, O my God	30
Begin my tongue, some heav'nly theme	100
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	109
Behold the lofty sky	11



	Page
Behold the grace appears	158
Behold the gloomy vale	240
Behold, what wondrous grace	220
Behold where breathing love divine	235
Behold a wretch in woe	236
Behold the path, which mortals tread	199
Behold with joy the happy scene	79
Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays	262
Bless'd be the everlasting God	137
Bless'd are the humble souls that see	229
Beyond expression bless'd is he	17
C	
Come, let us join our chearful songs	161
Come we who love the Lord	184
Come, let us search our ways, and try	232
E	
Each <i>British</i> tongue shall join to sing	145
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend	171
Eternal God, almighty cause	98
Eternal pow'r, whose high abode	154
Eternal source of ev'ry joy	120
Eternal sov'reign of the sky	147
Exalt the Lord our God	52
F	
Father divine, thy piercing eye	188
Father of all, we long to see	205
Father of all, in every age	213
Father of all! eternal mind	226
Father of light, we sing thy name	128
Father of men, thy care we bless	187
Father of men, who can complain	224
Father of mercies, God of love	219
Firm was my health, my day was bright	246
Firm and unmov'd are they	75
For ever shall my song record	44
Forfakc, my soul, the tents of sin	174
G	
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame	17---247
God is the refuge of his saints	25

	Page
God is a spirit just and wise	185
God my supporter, and my hope	40
God of my life, thro' all its days	152
God of the morning, at whose voice	227
God of my life, look gently down	243
God, who in various methods told	131
Good is the Lord, the heav'nly king	35
Great God, how excellent art thou	116
Great God, how endless is thy love	125
Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame	112
Great God, to thee our grateful tongues	127
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	142
Great God, whose universal sway	39
Great is our God, his works of might	109
Great is the Lord, his works of might	149
Great Lord of earth, and sea and skies	180
Great was the day, the joy was great	164
Great former of this various frame	249

## H

Had I the tongues of <i>Greeks</i> and <i>Jews</i>	188
Had not the Lord, may <i>Israel</i> say	74
Hail king supreme! all wise and good	113
Happy is he who fears the Lord	63
Happy the heart where virtues reign	189
Happy the man whose early years	230
Hark from the tombs a doleful sound	198
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	157
Hark, the loud trumpet of our God	212
He that hath made his refuge God	125
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims	201
Heathens to senseless idols haste	9
High in the heavens, eternal God	21
<i>Hosannah</i> with a chearful sound	124
<i>Hosannah</i> to the prince of light	263
House of our God, with chearful anthems ring	102
How are thy servants blest'd, O Lord	140
How blest'd is he, who ne'er consents	3
How blest'd are they who strictly keep	67

	Page
How did my heart rejoice to hear	74
How gentle God's commands	253
How good and pleasant is the work	48
How long shall death the tyrant reign	201
How pleasant, how divinely fair	186
How shall the young secure their hearts	68
How swift the torrent rolls	257
How welcome is their voice	168
I	
I set the Lord before my face	162
I sing th' almighty pow'r of God	118
I sing my Saviour's wondrous death	160
Imposture shrinks from light	237
If God succeed not, all the cost	76
If God to build the house deny	249
If solid happiness we prize	193
I'll praise my maker with my breath	88
In all my vast concerns with thee	96
In God's own house pronounce his praise	151
Indulgent God, with pitying eye	264
Is there ambition in my heart	78
Is this the kind return	265
J	
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	51
Jesus adorn'd with grace divine	202
Jesus invites his saints	170
Jesus is gone above the skies	172
Jesus, the friend of human kind	221
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	156
K	
Keep silence all created things	99
L	
Let all the earth their voices raise	132
Let children hear the mighty deeds	40
Let everlasting glories crown	166
Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak	87
Let those who bear the christian name	234
Let others boast how strong they be	123
Let sinners take their foolish course	29



	Page
Life is the time to serve the Lord	196
Lift up, ye saints, your weeping eyes	255
Lo, what an entertaining sight	191
Long as I live I'll blefs thy name	86
Long have I sat beneath the sound	253
Look round, O man, survey this globe	177
Lord, hast thou cast the nation off	31
Lord, how secure and blefs'd are they	175
Lord, I have made thy word my choice	72
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	6
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'	83
Lord, thou art good, all nature shows	101
Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind	105
Lord, who's the happy man that may	8
Lord, what a feeble piece	245
Lord of the worlds above	41
Lord of the Sabbath hear our vows	208

## M

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	159
My God, my everlasting hope	38
My God, my King, thy various praise	107
My God permit my tongue	180
My God the steps of pious men	22
My God whose all pervading eye	181
My shepherd is the living Lord	13
My soul adore the sov'reign Lord	56
My soul before thy maker bow	176
My soul shall praise thee, O my God	218
My soul abjure th' unhappy throng	232
My soul, come meditate the day	256
My spirit looks to God alone	33
My waken'd soul, extend thy wings	260

## N

Naked as from the earth we came	182
Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing	214
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard	204
Now let our mournful songs record	12
Now to the Lord a joyful song	133
Now to the pow'r of God supreme	258

O	
O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul	130
O come all ye ſons of Adam and raiſe	220
O for a ſhout of ſacred joy	151
Of juſtice and of grace I ſing	248
O 'tis a lovely thing to ſee	233
O God of grace, my crimes forgive	28
O God, our help in ages paſt	46
O God, my grateful ſoul aſpires	60
O God, on thee we all depend	179
O God, my Saviour and my king	190
O God, by whoſe all-bounteous hand	266
O happy nation where the Lord	19
O happy man, whoſe ſoul is fill'd	76
O Lord, how glorious is thy name	7
O Lord, how excellent thy name	108
O Lord of hoſts, almighty king	211
Once more, my ſoul, the riſing day	258
O praife ye the Lord, prepare a new ſong	92
O render thanks and bleſs the Lord	58
O render praife to God above	<i>ibid</i>
O that the Lord would guide my ways	70
O thou the wretched's ſure retreat	104
O ye immortal throng	163
Our time is ever on the wing	126
P	
Perpetual ſource of light and grace	231
Praife ye the Lord, 'tis good to praife	121
Praife ye the Lord, let praife employ	93
Praife to God, immortal praife	216
R	
Raiſe your triumphant ſongs	134
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord	18
Return, O God of love, return	245
Remark, my ſoul the narrow bounds	209
Riſe, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground	95
S	
Salvation doth to God belong	145
Say, ſhould we ſearch the globe around	148

	Page
Shall the low race of flesh and blood	106
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	146
Shine on our souls, eternal God	264
Sing all ye nations to the Lord	36
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	49
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	50
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands	133
So let our lips and lives express	173
Songs of immortal praise belong	62
Soon as I heard my father say	16
Sov'reign of life, before thine eye	240
Stay, stay, my lab'ring powers, awake	143
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	238
Still do the wheels of time revolve	142
Stoop down, my thoughts which use to rise	200
Sweet is the memory of thy grace	87
Sweet is the work, my God, my king	150
T	
Teach me the measure of my days	23
The Almighty bids the morning ray	34
The earth for ever is the Lord's	14
The earth and all the heavenly frame	119
The God of glory sends his summons forth	26
The glories of our maker God	111
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	167
The hope of sinners lies below	203
The Lord, how wondrous are his ways	103
The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high	116
The Lord of glory reigns supremely great	117
The Lord, the sov'reign king	150
The Lord my pasture will prepare	178
The promise of my Father's love	171
The righteous Lord loves upright souls	5
The spacious firmament on high	114
Thee we adore, eternal God	196
There is a land of pure delight	207
These glorious minds, how bright they shine	261
Think, mighty God, on feeble man	136-244



	Page
This is the day the Lord hath made	67
Thou, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing scene	230
Thou art my portion, O my God	71
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist	97
Thro' all the changing scenes of life	20
Thro' endless years thou art the same	54
Thus far the Lord has led me on	228
Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields	28
Thus saith the Lord, your work is vain	24
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	169
Thus spake Jehovah to our Lord	61
Thy favour, gracious Lord, display	42
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord	60
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	59
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand	120
To thee, my God, my days are known	223--251
To thee, my God, without delay	34
To God your voice in anthems raise	37
To God we lift our waiting eyes	73
To God the mighty Lord	82
To God the only wise	135
'Twas God who fix'd the rolling spheres	99
U	
Up to the Lord, who reigns on high	122
Up to the heav'nly paradise	206
V	
Vast are thy works, almighty Lord	57
W	
Was pride, alas, e'er made for man	241
We bless the prophet of the Lord	166
We sing the goodness of the Lord	183
We'll speak the honours of our king	25
Welcome sweet day of rest	186
What shall I render to my God	65
When all thy mercies, O my God	138
When <i>Abra'm</i> full of sacred awe	210
When God our Leader shines in arms	10
When I can read my title clear	205
When I with pleasing wonder stand	84

	Page
When in the form of mortal man	192
When in the light of faith divine	195
When <i>Israel</i> freed from <i>Pharaoh's</i> hand	64
When overwhelm'd with grief	32
When sickness shakes the languid frame	197
While some in folly's pleasure roll	175
Whoe'er with humble fear	15
Why do I thus perplex	225
Why do we mourn departing friends	254
With all our pow'rs of heart and tongue	129
With chearful notes let all the earth	66
With glory clad, with strength array'd	49
With joy we meditate the grace	165
With my whole heart, to thee, O Lord	8
With one consent let all the earth	53
With penitential grief	77
With pleasing wonder, Lord, we view	128
With rev'rence let the saints appear	45
With songs and honours sounding loud	89
Y	
Ye boundless realms of joy	90
Ye holy souls in God rejoice	115
Ye nations round the earth rejoice	153
Ye nations, praise the Lord	215
Ye sons of men a feeble race	47
Ye sons of men in sacred lays	94
Ye that delight to serve the Lord	64
Ye that obey th' immortal king	80
Ye weak inhabitants of clay	154
100	
181	
22	
180	
20	
138	
210	
10	
202	
84	

100  
101  
102  
103  
104  
105  
106  
107  
108  
109  
110  
111  
112  
113  
114  
115  
116  
117  
118  
119  
120  
121  
122  
123  
124  
125  
126  
127  
128  
129  
130  
131  
132  
133  
134  
135  
136  
137  
138  
139  
140  
141  
142  
143  
144  
145  
146  
147  
148  
149  
150  
151  
152  
153  
154  
155  
156  
157  
158  
159  
160  
161  
162  
163  
164  
165  
166  
167  
168  
169  
170  
171  
172  
173  
174  
175  
176  
177  
178  
179  
180  
181  
182  
183  
184  
185  
186  
187  
188  
189  
190  
191  
192  
193  
194  
195  
196  
197  
198  
199  
200

When in the form of mortal man  
When in the light of flesh divide  
When from freed from Father's hand  
When overthrown with grief  
When sickness shakes the languid frame  
While some in folly's quagmire roll  
Woe or with humble fear  
We do I thus begone  
Why do we mourn of passing friends  
With all our power of heart and tongue  
With cheerful voice let all the earth  
With glory clad, with beauty array'd  
With joy we radiate the state  
With my whole heart to thee, O Lord  
With one consent let all the earth  
With penitential cry



With pleasing words, I  
With reverence let the  
With songs and honours  
Ye boundless realms of joy  
Ye holy souls in God rejoice  
Ye nations round the earth rejoice  
Ye nations praise the Lord  
Ye sons of men a people free  
Ye sons of men in flesh I lay  
Ye that delight to serve the Lord  
Ye that obey in inward love  
Ye weak inhabitants of clay



